MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR M

Vol. 13 No. 1

Too hot to handle: THE DANCER FROM 'TOP OF THE POPS'

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OUR NUDEST GENETICIST

CRAZY WAYS TO KICK THE BUCKET

UNDRESSED:
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THE DOGGER BANK BLUNDER:
THE NIGHT THE TSAR SANK
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QUEST: THE WOMAN ALONE

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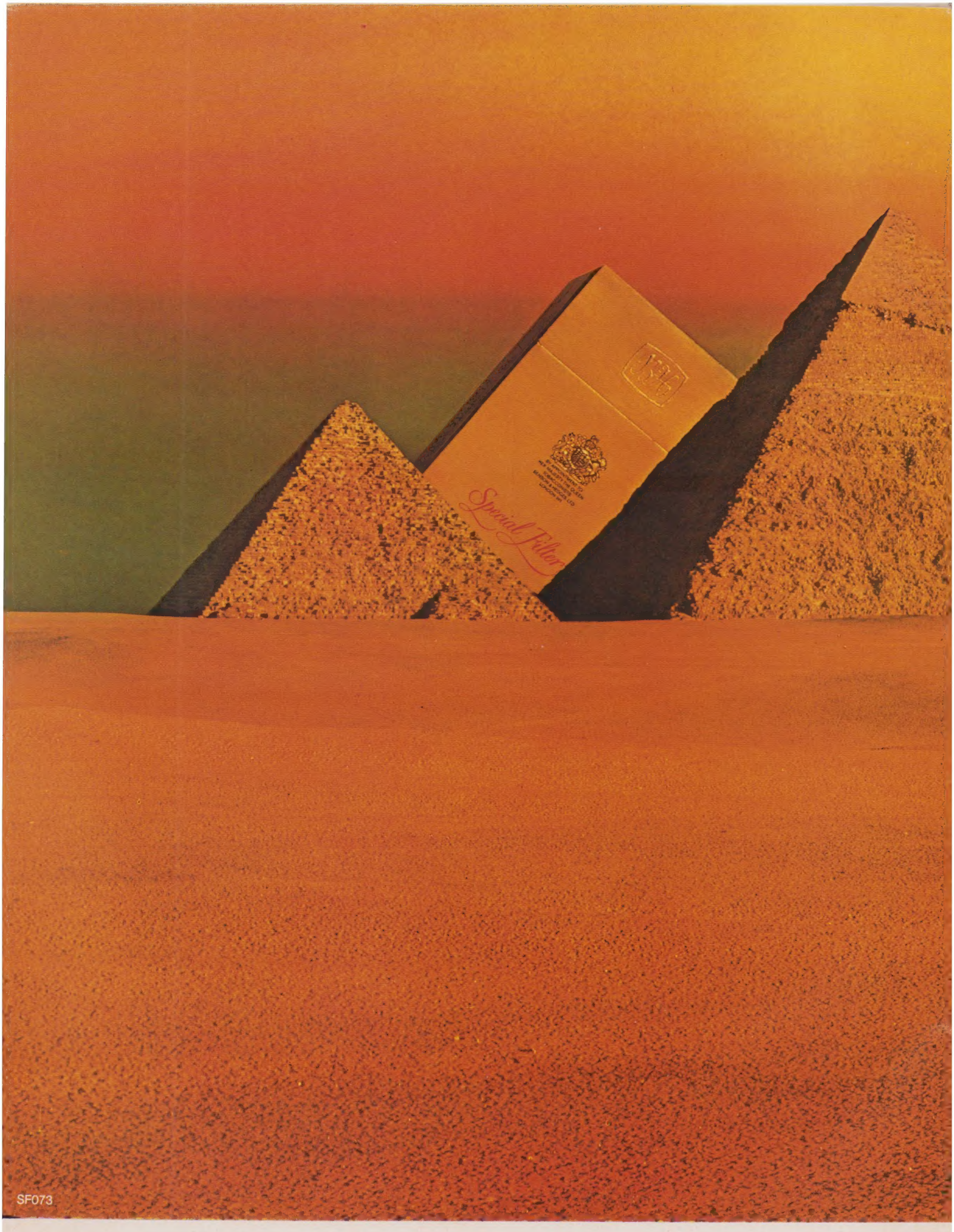

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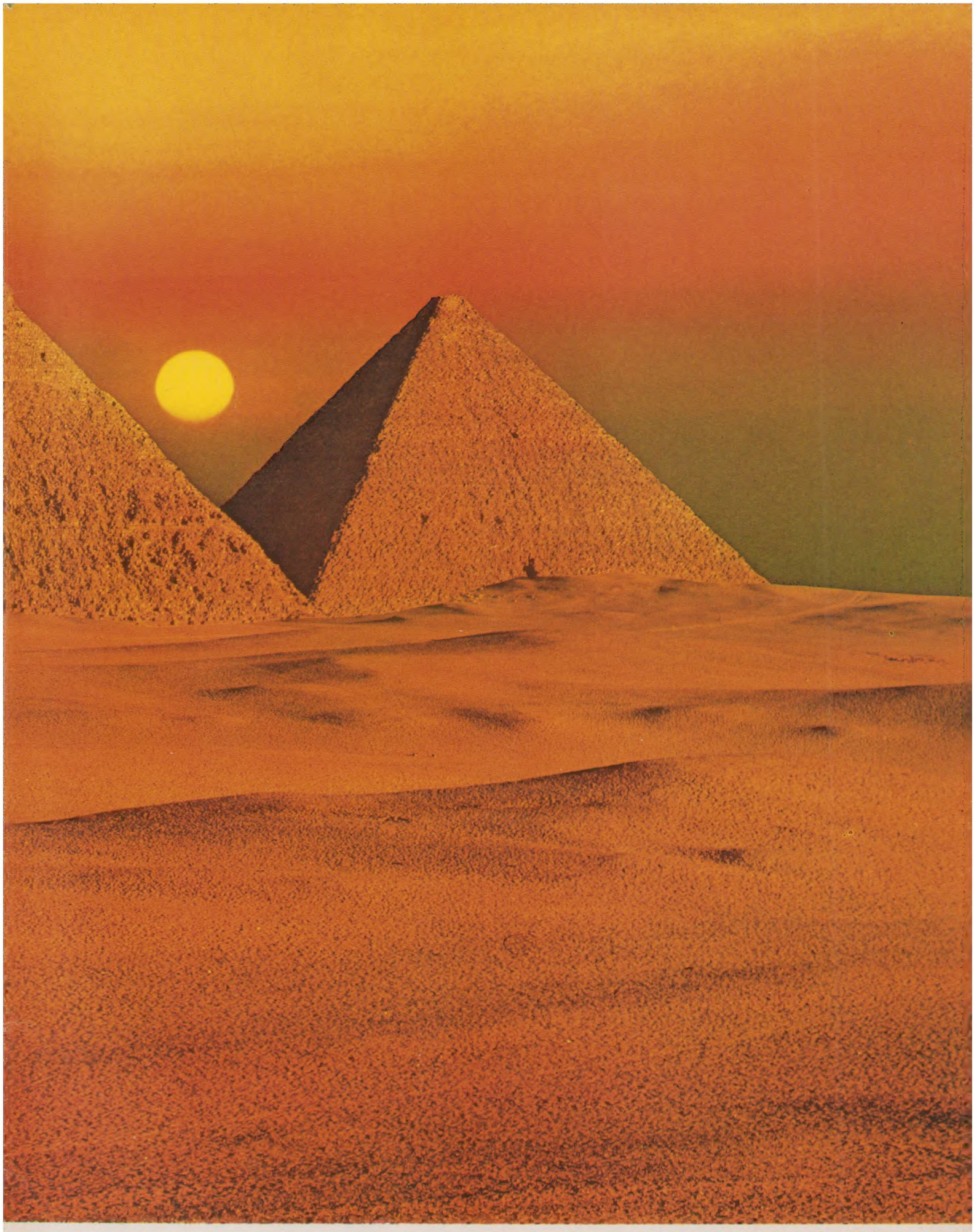

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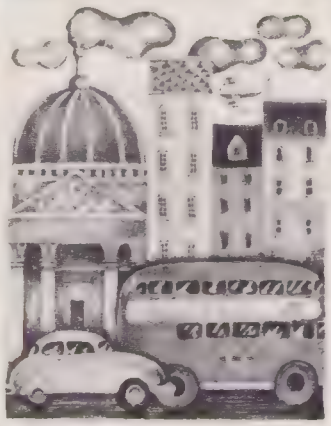
SCENE



With summer holiday tans now fading and the gloom of a British winter stretching ahead, what better time to start thinking about treating yourself to a sun-soaked break away from it all between now and the spring? The variety of available winter holidays is enormous, but one spot off the beaten tourist track that we can whole-heartedly recommend is Eilat, a town situated at the southern tip of Israel on the Gulf of Aqaba, itself a part of the Red Sea. Earlier this year in January, our photographer Roy Brewington, enviably accompanied by this month's centregirl Camella Donner, flew to Eilat for a special *Mayfair* shoot. 'There was a blizzard sweeping Gatwick when we left,' recalls Roy, 'yet just five hours later we were thawing out at Eilat in a temperature up in the eighties.' Roy and Camella's trip was arranged through Red Sea Holidays, who can offer a good choice of four fine hotels and two holiday villages in Eilat at prices starting at £95 per person for bed-and-breakfast for a week at one of the villages and rising to £395 for a fortnight on half-board at the 4-star Red Rock Hotel. In between those two extremes, the prices involved for one or two-week holidays would seem to fit most budgets. Roy and Camella, following the creed that only the best is good enough for *Mayfair* people, stayed at the Red Rock. 'A marvellous place,' enthuses Roy, 'where the keynote is informality and friendliness. During the day you can take part in a wide variety of activities such as sailing, snorkelling, windsurfing and waterskiing, or you can go on excursions to the site of King Solomon's Mines or farther afield to Jerusalem. Alternatively, of course, you can simply lie and soak up the sun. In the evening there's a very good disco at the Red Rock which seems to attract a lot of the local girls. You have to watch out for the DJ though – he's a bit of a joker.' All these delights apart though, Roy's most lasting memory of Eilat was the Underwater Marine Observatory, where visitors who don't fancy physically diving in the Red Sea can still get a taste of the fascinating marine ecology from glass-fronted observation posts 200 metres below the sea's surface. If we've now whetted your appetite, Red Sea Holidays' departures to Eilat are weekly from Gatwick between now and next April. Flights are in Boeing 727s of that excellent line Dan-Air and if you needed any second bidding to fly with them, just bear in mind that their former stewardess Cilla Childs, (you can see her photoset on p 116), is pretty representative of Dan-Air's way-above-averagely fanciable cabin crew. Twickenham Travel, operators of Red Sea Holidays, are at 22 Church Street, Twickenham, Middlesex and their telephone number is 01-892 6206/7. Just tell them we sent you.

Beginning on page 40 of this issue is the astonishing tale of how our contributor David Simson, himself a sailor with only the slightest experience, braved an Atlantic crossing in a small boat under sail. The story is illustrated by Chris Mayger, a continuation of our policy of bringing you the work of outstanding writers and artists, for Chris is one of the foremost marine artists in the world whose work, as can easily be seen from our illustration, is famous for its accuracy and painstaking eye for detail. As an example of Chris's thoroughness, we can but cite the long conversation he had with David about the design of the particular clasps used to hold the *Red Witch's* rigging. Chris's illustration for us is just the latest in a long line of his work but if you'd perhaps like a more permanent record of this fine artist, available in a large-format paper-back from Pan is **The Marine Paintings of Chris Mayger** – at £2.95 a really good buy.

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LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

How much I have enjoyed Michael Bland's 'Slugging the Slogan' (Vol 13 No 3) and the wealth of graffiti reprinted in your Letters pages. Realising that your contest is, alas, closed, I would nevertheless offer the following to other connoisseurs of graffiti humour:
Roget's Thesaurus Rules O.K.
Reigns Fair Enough
Governs All right
You really should compile a book on graffiti.
R S, Ashford, Kent

The wit of the graffiti artist! Amid other, more ribald comments on the loo wall of a Chelsea pub was the following:
You don't buy the beer here – you just rent it.
Having tasted their lager – I daren't say which brand – I can well believe it.
D C, London W5

The graffiti letters still seem to be coming thick and fast thank goodness – they really have been most enjoyable. My favourite offering is:
To be is to do – Karl Marx.
To do is to be – Jean-Paul Sartre.
Do be do be do – Frank Sinatra.
D G, Leatherhead, Surrey

As a keen reader of *Mayfair* I really appreciate the tasteful way which your beautiful models are presented. A real turn-on for me is seeing a girl pictured in a mundane situation and then all of a sudden removing her clothes, showing more of her body in progressive photos. For example: the first picture could be of a girl at a bus stop in the rain; she could be clad in such attire as a red PVC mackintosh. In the next frame she could shed her rainwear in the hallway of her flat and then in subsequent pictures she could remove her scanty bra and knickers (for that is all she had on under the coat) with complete abandonment in the living room.
In this way when seeing a beautiful girl in a day-to-day situation, perhaps in a railway carriage or in a supermarket, one's imagination can run riot, giving unexpected moments of pleasure.
R P Arnold, Deeside, Clwyd

I divorced my wife last year after eight years of marriage. Her adultery was uncontested and she now lives with her new man, who is young enough to have been in short pants at the time I first met her.
I'm afraid that it was the old story of a guy working day and night to give his family a good life and being cut out by the energetic younger man who had plenty of time on his hands and nothing harder to do than sign for his dole money.
Since I've been alone I've been changing my attitude to women and finding that many are a lot different under the veneer of respectability that married women usually have. My wife, for instance, was a splendid home-maker and the mother of two young children. She spent hours trying to decide what sort of curtain material to buy and whether she should wear a hat to visit her mother – things like that, so it came as a real shocker when she turned up with her nineteen year old boyfriend, who had just about managed to grow a moustache, and told me that they were going to live together and that he'd been having it with her for most of the summer already. And there's not a thing one can do about it, sorry to say. I just had to watch the whole process of the law work majestically in their favour. The day they came to move out her share of the household goods – which I'd paid for over nearly nine years – she had quite a distinct weight increase around her middle and some months later when I had access

to the children at their flat, my wife came to the door, with the most radiantly pregnant belly I'd seen.
The other guy lounged against the sideboard grinning behind his cigarette. I'd have gladly kicked his teeth in but it could have stopped me seeing the kids.
Since then I've lost my own moral values about it all and it's the respectable married woman I go for and often find that she's surprisingly easy meat.
On one occasion I was in a late night launderette and there were two or three women there at first, but later, while my wash was doing, only the woman who managed the place remained. She was well into her thirties but buxom with shapely breasts. With nothing much to lose I decided to be outspoken. She was bending over a low bench folding some washing that a woman had left and, although she wasn't showing much leg, I could see about three or four inches above the knee dimples behind her leg as she bent.
I simply said: 'I like your shoes, love,' which were fairly modern ankle strap types with a slim heel. She turned smiling, obviously flattered, and started a long narrative about where she'd got them and everything. I just listened then told her that they made a good pair of legs even better.
I didn't get any further that night because an elderly man came in with a wash, but after a few weeks I got a date.
I learned that she had three children and had been married twelve years – she was thirty-six and merely asked for discretion on my part. A very pleasant surprise.
Usually, love-making took place in my car. I used a French letter at her request as she'd had a weight problem and couldn't take the pill. When I bent over her and lifted her skirt I had extreme difficulty in holding back as she had the nicest thighs I'd been that close to and her bottom was a dream. The summer night was hot and she wore no stockings or tights, just a flowery dress and white sandals.
On went my sheath and in went my equipment. I went in far too easily: she was really ready for it. Knowing there was no chance of bringing her to orgasm myself in my pent-up state, I reached around her hips, slid my fingers down under her and went to work. Once her hips started thrusting to me I didn't hold on, but pumped her and enjoyed it. It took about a minute longer to bring her off then she lay over the seat back, taking deep breaths with her eyes closed. I met her for a few weeks but eventually she asked to break it off, which I reluctantly did.
R D, Birmingham

I have been a regular *Mayfair* reader for sometime and always enjoy your letters, although I often think some experiences of your readers are exaggerated. After what happened to me recently I am inclined to alter my opinion.
I went to a newly-opened disco in Bradford and after a moderately successful evening with various girls I met one, Mary (that's not her real name) who was married, but unhappy. After talking, dancing and drinking, at two in the morning I offered to take her home. To my surprise she accepted but suggested we go somewhere quiet. I am divorced and live with my mother so I drove up to the moors and spent the whole night talking and making love.
I ran her home at nine in the morning and dropped her off at the end of the close where she lived. Purely from practice I asked if I could see her again and was astonished when she said I should visit her at home on the Monday after her husband had gone to work and her children to school.
I arrived about ten and after a coffee she took me upstairs and we had the most amazing sexual experience I've had for a long time. We made love over and over again – she had an insatiable desire for sex. Ever since my encounter I have been undecided whether to contact her again: was I only one of several men she has made happy?
D L, Bradford

I am a nineteen year old girl who has enjoyed many love-making sessions, and I would like to tell you about one.
It was with Paul. I met him when I was sixteen. I was still a virgin and knew nothing about making love. This was because we did not learn about it at school – because it was private, and my parents had

turn to page 18

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LETTERS

continued from page 17

not yet told me about making love, only periods.

One night I went round to his parents place. Everyone was out, except Paul. First we just kissed and then we petted rather heavily. We were both virgins, but he was ready – that I could tell. When he came, God it was great. I was wet. For a first time it was enough to make me want to fuck every day.

Then I saw someone standing over us. It was Paul's brother, Steve, who was great looking but took no fancy in me. Paul left the room and Steve took off his clothes and he fell on me, caressing my boobs. He squeezed and massaged me. Then he surged his cock right into me. God what a screw. Then Paul came back and he and Steve fucked and licked me off and fondled my boobs as though they were babies. I came twice and now my knowledge of fucking is everything. I have done and tried everything and it's a blast.

Jayne, Surrey

I was amazed by your Vol 13 No 1 and especially by the girl Donna – the king-size cutie from King's Lynn. She is really fantastic and mostly her adorable bust. I wonder if you can include her in your *Mayfair* Most Erotic Film?

N A Pope, Tehran, Iran

After reading *Mayfair* for many years, never before have I been compelled to write to you. But now that has changed. The reason? The beautiful Karin Westood who featured in Vol 13 No 5.

Karin's figure is in such perfect proportion and she has the finest breasts. I love her gorgeous eyes which match her most attractive face. (What I'd do to live on the borders of Shropshire and Worcestershire near Karin). I love her firm round breasts and smooth nipples – in fact everything about her. Karin, I love you and let me see you again in *Mayfair* soon.

D P, St. Clements, Jersey

I read with interest the letter in Vol 13 No 7 from a doctor on the subject of medical examinations. My husband subscribes to your magazine and I read it when he is at work.

I have been on the pill for over a year, going to the family planning clinic every three months for examinations. But after an incident with a coloured male doctor, my husband insisted that I visit the local doctor who is a Scotsman of about sixty-five and who is quite pleasant.

Now to the incident. I went for a check-up and the doctor asked me to undress in the examination room. He came in just as I was down to my stockings and suspender belt, which I always wear in the summer for coolness. He looked quite surprised and commented on what a change it made to see stockings and said that it was not important to remove them. He told me to face the wall and he placed his hands under my arms and felt my breasts, asking me if I had felt any lumps. I could feel the thing in his trousers pressing against my bottom all this time; he must have spent five minutes on my breasts. He told me to lie on the examination table and put my feet in the stirrups at the side. This opened my legs completely for him to see. Saying that the internal examination may hurt he poured a liquid onto a facemask and told me to put it over my mouth so that I would not feel anything. I had never done this before but I thought that he was the professional man, and did what he said. I awoke after about fifteen minutes and he was writing my prescription for the pills. I dressed and walked home to find that my knickers were soaked; he had knocked me out with something and relieved himself up me.

I cannot tell my husband or report him because of the publicity – I am now looking for a woman doctor to stop being molested.

(*Name and address withheld*)

I thoroughly endorse the letters of Messrs Baxter and Stuart (Vol 13 Nos 4 and 6) regarding the attractions of slim, smooth girls with rippling muscles. It is an undeniable fact that circus girls, contortionists and girl gymnasts have superb bodies. This is, of course, due to the strenuous exercises they have to do which keeps them in perfect condition.

For my money there is absolutely nothing to beat the sight of a trapeze girl or contortionist in scanty bikini costume standing acknowledging the applause at the end of her act

turn to page 21

'Make yourself comfy – I'll be right with you.'

SCOTCH AND AMERICAN.

"Well, they said anything could happen."
MARINELAND
DOLPHINS
SMIRNOFF
VODKA
Remember, whatever happens, don't overdo it.

LETTERS

continued from page 18

while the audience feasts its eyes on her flawless body with its tight flat rippling belly glistening with perspiration, and hard proud breasts straining upwards as she fights for breath after her exertions.

So I say that smooth, muscular girls are a fantastic turn-on, so how about some pictures of such girls displaying their magnificent bodies while they work out on the high wire or in the gym (naked of course)?

George Edwards, Guildford, Surrey

I welcomed the return of Penny Chisholm in Vol 13 No 7. Her first appearance (wearing those white stockings) was quite the most arousing set I have experienced in six years as a *Mayfair* subscriber.

Lesley Chisholm, too, must be one of the sexiest females to appear in your pages in that time, particularly in her second set, draped to the bed (what a mound of hair!)

Yes, *Mayfair*, in my opinion these two sisters are the biggest turn-ons that you have ever featured. So *Mayfair* I plead with you for a set with Lesley and Penny together. It would surely be the greatest success in the history of the magazine.

D H, Sevenoaks, Kent

The last two Quests on obligatory sex (Vol 13 Nos 6 and 7) bring two experiences of my own to mind, through the compulsive and rewarding love-making which formed their background. Being a Virgoan I must admit to being incident prone, but this was an outstanding occasion. Walking through Green Park one hot summer I saw two quite healthy and pleasant girls lounging on the grass, their legs outstretched a long way from their short frocks. The fullness of their blouses was accentuated by the deep sweep of the *décolletage*. A chance remark overheard prompted me to go over and challenge them. They were tickled pink and invited me to sit and talk until their lunchtime ended. As they were colonials our talk was far-reaching and because of the brevity of our meeting and the fact that they lived in separate bed-sitters I asked them both to have dinner with me in my flat. Quite safe . . .? The following Monday was agreed, and I would meet them at Charing Cross station at six. I spent the weekend buying and preparing; on the Monday morning I set the places, ensuring that as little as possible remained to be done on our arrival that evening.

As I walked up the forecourt of Charing Cross at six, I was surprised to see only one of the girls, dressed in a light linen coat and beret with a short frock beneath and no stockings. As they worked in different offices a short delay was possible. But no. Jean was sorry but Pamela could not make it after all. Would I mind if Jean came alone? She could find her way back in the late evening alone.

To the platform then. Commuting was still heavy even at that hour and the Dartford loop was no exception. We managed to squeeze into a carriage doorway just before the train moved off.

The girl seated on the left had to stop playing footsie-footsie with her male companion opposite. Instead she tangled her legs around mine.

The train moved off and passed through Waterloo junction without any incident. Then as it gathered speed Jean compressed and retracted against me. I must have looked surprised because she asked if I was all right, but it was the couple behind her who were holding my attention: they could not keep still. The girl in the window seat seemingly was the only one who heard the remark and looking at the next couple the amusement on her face was really great and mischievous, and her legs tightened around me. Jean tried to be less awkward only to find her coat had moved and I was now against her thin dress with our thighs even closer and the pressure continued more rapidly than before. Innocent as was the initial invitation, I scarcely knew where to put myself and my riseability was becoming evident as it thrust between her legs which she

turn to page 123

If you get sold th can't adjust

If you're thinking of buying hi-fi, you'll find the same piece of advice cropping up again and again in advertisements and brochures: 'Listen before you leap'. Certainly, if you buy hi-fi without listening to it first, you're asking to be disappointed, regardless of what your best friend says or what you've read in a book.

e wrong hi-fi, you your ears.

Yet how many of the big hi-fi manufacturers allow their goods to be sold in places where it isn't easy, and often impossible, to get a demonstration before you buy?

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ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD PEMBERTON

STELLA

An adventure in self-seduction

Fiction by Jerry Jago Scott

To her lover, sex was one of the performing arts. And he was sure to coax a brilliant solo from her

I used to delight in watching Celine stroke herself to a climax. She did it so delicately, that girl, yet with a complete absence of shame and self-consciousness. And such grace, lack of fuss, economy of effort!

Celine was our *au pair*, a few summers ago. I bedded her, or rather we bedded each other, while my wife endured her annual fortnight at a health farm.

Small and slight, almost childlike in build, Celine was a faintly disappointing partner, though sweet and willing. Her potential for diverting me came about by chance. We were lying side by side while she told me of her convent school, mentioning the expulsion of an older girl who 'liked to touch us . . . here.'

Like most men, the concept of lovemaking

between women interests me. Teasingly, partly to shock myself, I asked if Celine 'touched herself . . . there.'

'Of course,' she said, eyes widening. Then, catching something in my expression, she kicked the sheet and blanket down to the foot of the bed, and demonstrated.

Much of the pleasure, no doubt, sprang from her youth. Celine's pubic mound was almost hairless and deliciously smooth, with none of that sandpapery suggestion conveyed by older, shaven women. When the sun fell across her belly, it was as if gold dust had been sprayed between her legs, the blunted triangle being cleft cleanly and reminding me of a peach.

In films, I find, women purporting to do what Celine was doing, thresh about and grimace. The enchantment of little Celine's attentions lay in their subtlety. Kneeling on the floor beside the bed, elbow on the edge, chin on palm I was entranced.

At first, thighs slightly splayed, she merely clasped the peach in her right hand. Only the play of tendons on the back of that small, rather puffy hand – Celine had insisted on washing my wool sweaters in the sink, that morning, rather than shrinking them in the machine – betrayed any activity.

Meanwhile her face was blank of expression, lids closed. There was a listening, abstracted, quality about it. Studying its riddle, I missed the change of motion, but when I glanced along her body, the clasping hand had opened.

Now Celine's short-nailed fingers had straightened, even curving up slightly, and her thighs formed a much wider angle as she glided her palm from her navel, over the whole genital area, thence to the mattress and back again.

As I watched, almost forgetting to breathe, her thighs closed a little. Curling in upon itself, the hand became a fist with index finger extended.

The world contracted to that shining, brownish-pink arc of secret, tenderest flesh and the fingertip stroking deliberately, precisely, untiringly.

Thinking to check her face, I discovered that Celine was frowning, not fiercely but as one might when half asleep and trying to recall a name or summon memory itself. The finger slowed, beginning a well nigh stationary, stirring motion. For the first time her left hand came into play. On her upper lip I detected a single bead of sweat – against her skin it had the perfection of dew on a rose petal. A dully throbbing ache betrayed my tremendous erection, but I was as much hypnotised as lustful, unable to break the spell nor mar the progress of the ceremony.

Suddenly Celine sighed deeply, lying motionless for a moment. Then she smiled, her eyes opened, and she sat up. In the first hint of earthiness since beginning, she smacked her lips.

Quickly mounting her, I could not help saying, with a twinge of jealousy as well as real admiration, 'You enjoyed that.'

'Not as much as when you put it into me.' she replied ingenuously. And as her tiny breasts flattened against my chest and she clasped my buttocks demandingly, I could not doubt her sincerity. As for me, it must be confessed that for erotic impact, watching Celine invading and mastering herself, far outweighed penetrating her on my own account.

'You like to watch me,' she suggested, a night or so later, and repeated the performance, again without a tremor of apparent awareness that she had an enraptured audience.

In due time Celine returned to her native Orleans (she still sends us a card at Christmas, although *Joyeux Noël* is not the message her still-immature signature evokes in me) and the heart-pounding intensity of pleasurable interest she inspired sank into my subconscious.

I did raise the subject, obliquely, with my wife Heather, but her reaction warned me not to persist. Her lip curled and she shook her head as if dispersing a cloud of flies from something evil-smelling. 'Good God, no! It's childish, Philip. I can't imagine any healthy, grown-up woman needing to regress like that.'

But Heather is passive and loath to explore and experiment, if not actively frigid, so I placed little faith in her response. Celine after all, was 'a grown-up woman', or teenager to be accurate, and she had found nothing strange in the experience.

And there matters remained until Joe and Stella moved into my neighbourhood.

Stella was about thirty, a long-legged, stylish brunette whose Roedean accent and silly snobbish manner were redeemed by her promising mouth: lower lip heavy and sensual, so that her smile became a pout. I divined that she was available, within minutes of being introduced.

It hardly seemed worth the bother. That must sound blasé. But my work keeps me at home during the day, while Heather is at her office in town, so there is ample opportunity to operate among bored, neglected wives. At the time of meeting Stella I had seduced at least twenty local women – keeping an exact score would have been juvenile and demeaning – and I doubted whether she would be significantly different from preceding partners.

Granted, she had a good body, lean and well muscled, arguing that she played a lot of tennis or badminton. But while my mind nominated her as a likely candidate, the animal side of me refused to take interest. Not even a conversation overheard at a party, could move me. Joe, maudlin and self-pitying, was pouring his heart out to our host, a doctor. It was the old story: Joe was keeping a high-pressure job by the skin of his teeth, and Stella's sexual appetites were beyond him. 'It's not *normal*,' was his litany. 'She wants fucking every day, more at weekends. I can't produce, Doc.'

I must say, in passing, that it seemed perfectly normal to me. All but Puritans and incurable romantics know that women are more lustful than men, by far. I consider intercourse better exercise than any sport with the arguable exception of swimming, and virtually essential to mental well-being. Heather cramps my style, but before our marriage I often managed to service two women a day, and my average must have worked out at, say, one and a half per day, in most years. Stella's fornicatory ambitions therefore struck me as reasonable.

The point was that Stella was ripe for the picking. Looking at her, I wondered why my enthusiasm was so weak at the prospect. She was sitting on a cushion, giving the room a doubtlessly calculated display of thigh, short, curly black hair showing off her long neck.

Our host's daughter happened to come in, with a tray of canapes, while I studied Stella. Something about the child – her slightness, the fair hair – put me in mind of Celine. Abruptly, I *was* interested in Stella.

For an impish thought had crossed my mind. My trousers felt tighter, even as it occurred to me. It might be diverting to see Stella, so poised and mature, masturbating like the heated, frustrated little schoolgirls of Celine's convent . . .

There is no point in covering my initial

turn to page 51

'Oi be fed up – muckin' out they bloody pigs!'

At 4.30 Harry sets up the Bacardi for the evening rush.

4.30 is Harry's busy time. That's when his customers come at him in waves, or rather out of them.

Harry's customers spend lunchtime in the shade, working up to some strenuous sunbathing in mid-afternoon. Then after a hectic couple of hours sleeping on the beach, it's 4.30 and they're more than ready for a cool Bacardi rum and "Coke," with lots of ice.

Harry likes to have it ready for them, so he's not rushed off his feet.

Bacardi rum.

The one from the sun.

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DAWN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

When the late Laurence Harvey was asked what qualities he looked for in a woman, included on his list was 'the ability to make me laugh, though this would have to be tempered with moderation as it would become a shade tiresome after a while to spend all one's time in paroxysms of mirth.' Dawn Rimmington, who's 20 years old, nods approvingly. 'My sentiments exactly,' she agrees. 'Knowing when to call a halt is vital for anyone who claims to have a sense of humour.'

Cheeky-faced Dawn has, on her own admission, a keenly-honed sense of humour which manifests itself in the playing of practical jokes on unsuspecting victims. 'But not cruel or upsetting jokes,' stresses Dawn. 'After all the whole point is to have fun and not hurt someone. If your victim joins in the laughter afterwards, then you know that you've been successful.' Usual fall-guys for Dawn's elaborate pranks are her work-mates in a Birmingham catering concern. 'Though they're starting to wise up,' says Dawn, 'so I'm having to spread my wings a little bit.' A grin. 'I regard that as a challenge to my skill!'

The joke to which Dawn looks back with fondest memories involved her arriving at work one day with just a skimpy bra and panties, plus stockings and suspenders, covering her 35B–24–36. 'The idea was,' recalls Dawn, 'for everyone to act as though I was perfectly normally dressed and try and convince our boss that he was just seeing things. At first he asked me where my dress was, and looked a bit puzzled when I told him I had it on. Then he asked one of the other girls to describe what I was wearing and she said "Oh, Dawn's got on a floral-pattern dress with lace trimmings." He went all round the office, but no-one let on. It was so funny.' Dawn laughs. 'When we let him into the joke he insisted that I sit on his knee and take dictation just as I was. "After all, you *are* fully dressed" was what he said. A smile. 'I suppose it was only fair really. Rebounds do happen.' Now Dawn, about that holiday in the Bahamas and the Rolls we promised . . .

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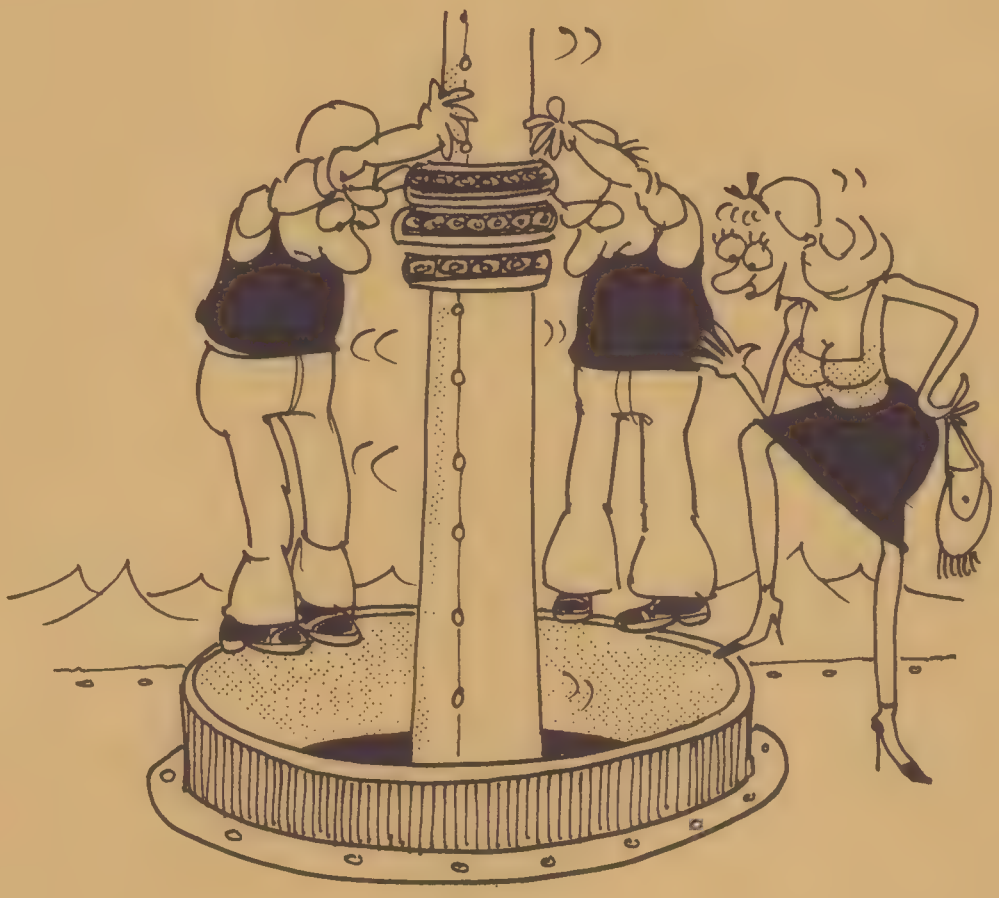
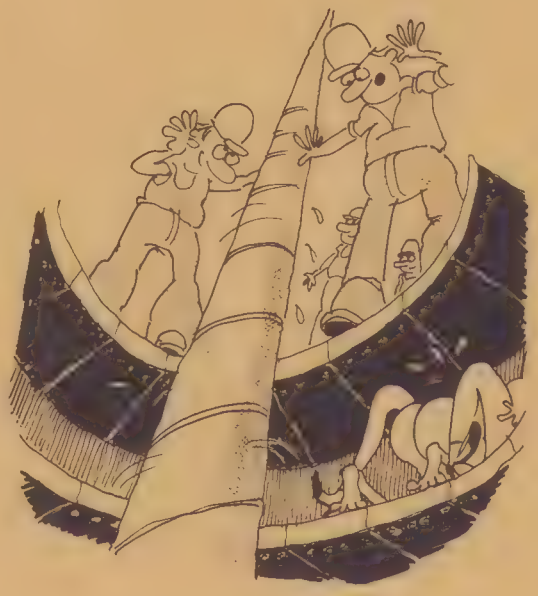


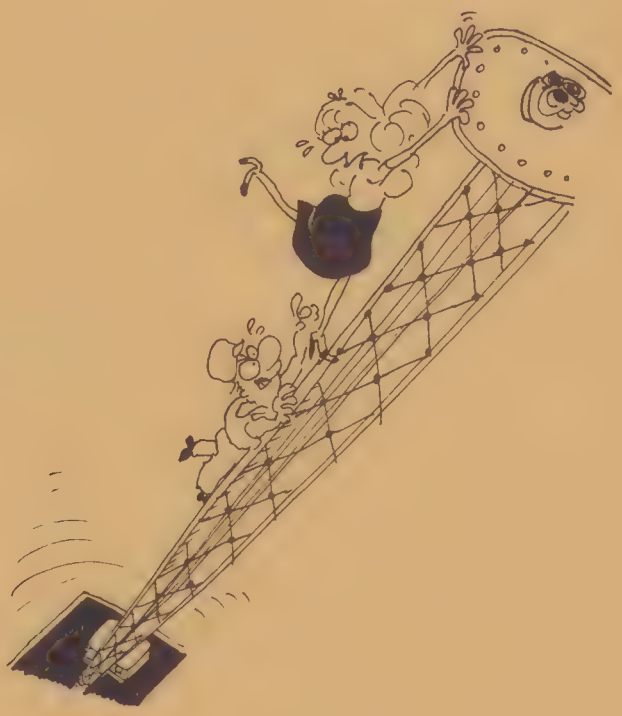
*'Come on, baby, you can do it. Want me to talk dirty?
Okay, I'll talk dirty . . .'*

NORTH SEA CRUDE

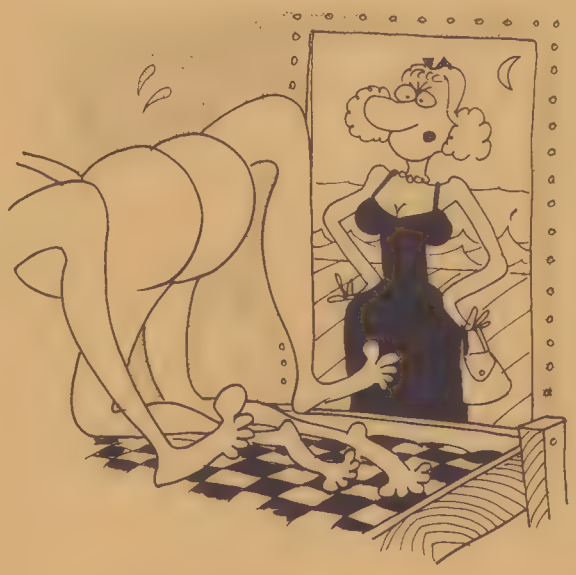
Life on a North Sea oil platform can be
boring off the job as well as on, but with a woman aboard,
says Peter Maddocks, the men know their drill



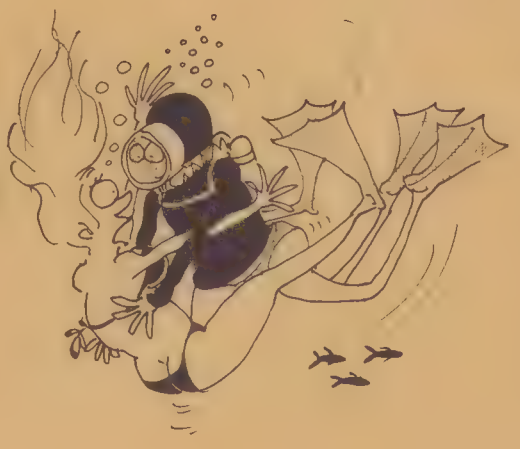
'Hang on fellas – I think she's about to blow.'



'No, I didn't! I said catch me **kiss** *me.'*

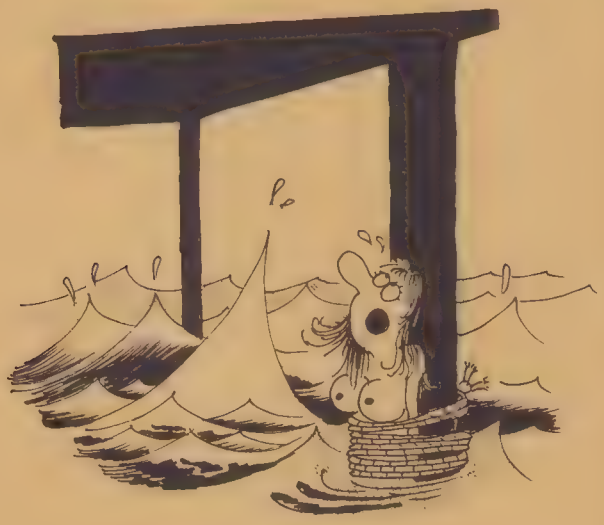


'You told me you were stuck out in the North Sea laying nothing but pipeline!'



'Where's that huge gusher you promised to show me?'

'Get below – one spark off her and we'll all go up in flames.'



'Okay fellas, you win – but only one at a time.'

'Right a bit, left a bit . . .'

'He didn't say which rig, just that his name was Tex.'

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Let's imagine for a moment the mental images the mere mention of a name calls up for us . . .

Nell Gwynne – all oranges and nipples, until you can never be sure which are those in the basket at her bosom and which the real flesh, rosy-tipped ones . . . in the basket of her blouse.

Or Admiral Nelson, one eye, one arm and one for plump and luscious Lady Hamilton.

Leopold von Sacher-Masoch . . . perversions and pain and all kinds of unmentionable ways of discovering delights.

An astounding new novel by Kathrin Perutz mines deep into secret histories to reveal the real world of cafe society and their bedroom whirls. In **Reigning Passions** (Weidenfeld & Nicolson £5.95) she hints at the moral corruptions of the last days of Imperial Vienna – an era more lascivious, if possible, than Victorian London, if the early films of Erich von Stroheim can be believed. Even London's own famed Royal Ballet touched on the theme in the recent production of *Mayerling*, in which the crown prince dances with discarded mistresses before one of them finds him a new nymphet to sleep with – on his wedding night!

To Kathrin Perutz, the man Masoch is himself the ideal symbol of all that's rotten in the imperial state of Austro-Hungary. Maybe his stories of devout peasants who refuse to commit adultery with the sex-mad wives of their landlords, so the silk-clad countesses, nipples a-jingle, whip them for disobedience and out of sheer frustration; then report them to their jealous husbands for daring to try and make love, as a result of which the count then hands out a lashing, too . . . maybe these stories were all real enough. Did that mean he had to amuse his friends in the cafes by telling them with quite so much gusto?

Even his own passionate love affairs are spiced with something that's less than perfectly romantic.

The imperious and beautiful aristocrat Anna, for example, whom he seduced from the utmost propriety of her married life by the sheer power of the tales he could tell.

But just how proper could that married life have been when, with no encouragement from him, it seems, she manifests a voluptuousness that twenty whores would have been proud to own.

Her clothes are silk, lined with sable. Pearls lay about her throat and gleam from her hair. Her cloak falls from her naked shoulders like a sheet of water . . . parting below the knees to disclose the rich soil of her opulent fur. The impact of this vision sends Masoch to his knees before her, whereupon she places her small, naked foot on the nape of his neck.

Later as he stands above her, she slowly parts the cloak completely, to show her marble, luminous, ripe-fleshed body upon the rich fur. He falls upon her until her slow satisfied chuckles rouse him from sated torpor. She calls him her trout, and wonders how she will ever release the hook. Never, he replies. Let it go deeper.

But we always hurt the one we love. In Masoch's case (as psychological textbooks have long indicated) that one is the man himself. Masoch longs for Anna to betray him. He contrives to introduce an excessively handsome young man to his mistress. After several visits, he contrives to leave them alone. In that most farcical of French farce objects, the wardrobe, he conceals himself in order to witness the painful, inevitable result.

Later, Masoch writes of his experiences and feelings in terms that would not disgrace a contemporary graphic sexological novelist. He tells of a fierce woman and her equally fierce lover, and of her timid lover whom she browbeats into bringing the two of them champagne in bed:

But in the night she still jingles for her timid lover, compels him to make love to her with the smell of the other man still permeating her skin . . .

Authoress Kathrin Perutz is ambivalent about where the blame lies in Masoch's life.

In the man himself. In the women that shape him. Are even these female receptacles to blame?–perhaps they were first spoiled in their turn by men who would reveal no more of themselves to their womenfolk than those ladies could hold in their hands.

It's hard to accept that Masoch's writings were really revelations of man's eternal quest for beauty – distorted by the complicated web of sexuality that surrounds every mother's son.

For though Masoch himself loves to kneel at a woman's thighs, parting her skirt and then her legs so his tongue can climb its heady route between her thighs.

One such pair she describes, companions of Masoch, are a well-matched handsome, independent woman and a stolid, apparently naively impressionable but manly fellow.

One night, the lady (her name is Kathrin, by the way) finds an excuse to spend the night at the man's house. When he offers her a bed for the night, she chooses his. They undress together in the dark of his room, and he simply takes her in his arms and pulls her down.

None of your arty-crafty courtships here. With about as much foreplay as a Rugby League scrum, he's at her, powerful and heavy. Neither speak, but she cries out softly with pleasure in the near-pain of his quick, deep-movements, to his groin striking hers at each thrust.

Came the dawn, she thinks (now, like the cat that lapped up all the milk, sated and ready for new departures) to pack her bags and leave. Quite the lady, in a way.

But he springs up as she leaves the bed, and pulls her to him, ignoring all her protests, grinding against her. She struggles, but he is stronger and holds her fast, smothering her mouth with his own and holding both her hands behind her back with one of his, leaving the other one free to help him work his way into her. Because the woman is tall, his mission is soon accomplished.

And to her disapproving face, he says: 'You can't play with a man. Either you come to him or not. You shouldn't be a whore, Kathrin. You're a beautiful woman, with a beautiful body. But you are too restless, you must try everything . . . In the end, your freedom brings you only loneliness.' So in the end, it's that old romantic moral again, folks!

Photograph, above, is taken from the cover of 'Yoga For Men', by John Champ and published by Sackett and Marshall, £4.95. 'Yoga For Men' provides a lively and original approach to the basic postures for the beginner and includes nude and semi-nude studies of beautiful girls – a light change from the usual yoga text books.

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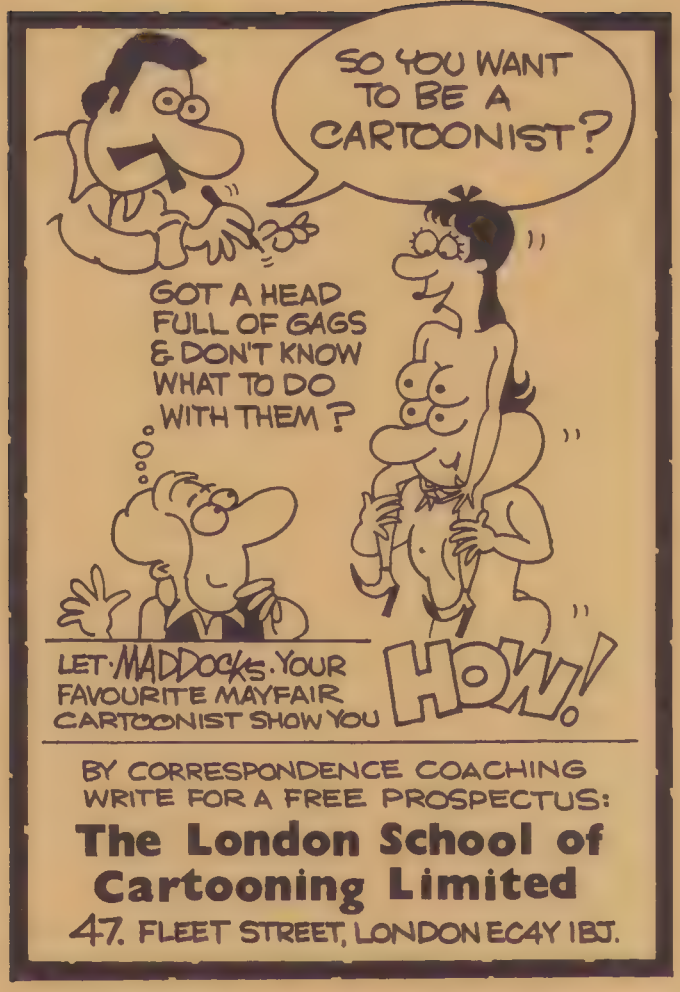
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DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Of all the many groups spawned in the 'swinging sixties', one of the most enduring were The Hollies who had their first big hit with *Stay* in 1963 and their last with the brilliant *The Air That I Breathe* – a song I'd be happy to take to any Desert Island – in 1974. Both these numbers, plus eighteen others, are included on the anthology **The Hollies – 20 Golden Greats** (EMI) which encapsulates not only the band's distinctive high harmonies but also the very real songwriting skill of founder-members Allan Clarke and Graham Nash plus, to a slightly lesser extent, Tony Hicks. It's probably true to say that the band was never quite the same force after Nash had left to begin his flirtation with Crosby, Stills and Young, but as this album amply demonstrates, in their early and middle period, The Hollies had few equals.

The title of the latest album from Sailor – **Greatest Hits** (Epic/CBS) – is a slight misnomer as the band, good in their own moderate sphere, have had nowhere near the fourteen 'great hits' the album title would have you believe. Still, to carp is slightly unfair, as the band, in a style very reminiscent of Roxy Music, are capable of some irresistibly catchy songs, most notably my own personal favourite *Girls, Girls, Girls*. The hand of their charismatic vocalist Georg Kajanus, a figure very much in the Bryan Ferry mould, is apparent throughout both as a writer and producer. A prime contender for my favourite albums of the year list is **Just Fly** (RCA) from the US six-piece outfit Pure Prairie League headed by brothers Tim and Larry Goshorn. The album's ten tracks are all, bar one, self-penned and display a truly remarkable mixture of styles and influences ranging effortlessly from pure rock to pure country and even taking in a touch of the classics with a violin and cello backing to a song called *Lifetime*, over-all, a genuine class record.

Despite her new wave label, Patti Smith is in a category all her own. Don't ask me what it is – but it's certainly unique. In fact it must have taken quite an effort of conscience to produce anything as commercial as the sultry *Because the Night*. Her new album **Easter** (Arista), is certainly compelling – 'I haven't fucked much with the past, but I've fucked plenty with the future' – I only wish I could understand it.

Natural Force (RCA) is Bonnie Tyler's second album and is aptly titled. She certainly has plenty to spare: witness tracks such as *It's a Heartache, Here am I*, and the beautiful *If I Sing You a Love Song*. Her writers, Ronnie Scott and Steve Wolfe, display an amazing capacity for stretching a few well-chosen lines of lyric through an entire song, but when they do it consistently with six of the ten tracks, one feels slightly cheated. Nevertheless, the songs are winners and all are powerfully delivered by Miss Tyler.

'The film *Goodbye Girl* won an Oscar – the album **Goodbye Girl** will win your hearts.' Although Elektra's sweeping statement rests on Richard Dreyfuss' Best Actor award, they may well be right about this David Gates (of Bread) solo album. Despite his critics complaints that he is shallow and repetitive, his songs are undeniably easy on the ear and are quite often gems. His latest single, *Took the Last Train*, is a surprising up-tempo departure (sic) from his usual style. Other goodies include hits from the past – *Part-time Love* and *Never Let Her Go*.

Ariel is one of those songs which conjures up an entire scenario and could support an album all on its own. Fortunately it doesn't have to. There are many other excellent tracks on **Dean Friedman** (Lifesong). The ten self-penned songs belie the unimaginative sleeve and the recording date (1976) and provide magical listening. If the cynical lyrics are to be believed, however, Mr Friedman seems to have had a rough ride in life so far, but when his experiences spawn such biting songs as *Love is Not Enough* ('And though the heroes in the paperbacks always wind up in the buff, love is not enough'), then all is not in vain. Highly recommended – though not to heal the tattered soul.

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A GOOD DEAL OF PLEASURE

Curvy Marilyn Looms (Vol. 9 No. 12) is one of the twenty lovelies – not including a 'Girls of the Year' review – to be uncovered in our five issue bargain deal. For a mere £2.40 we'll send to you Vol. 8 Nos. 10, 11 and Vol. 9 Nos. 1, 2 and 12.

Other back numbers available include:

Vol. 8 Nos. 10 (Birgetta, Rileys) 58p; 11 (Francesca, Miranda) 58p; Vol. 9 Nos. 1 (Sweden's sex star, Comics) 58p; 2 (Hitcher Jeanine, Jennifer Forbush) 58p; 3 (Barest Miss Brighton, Jaguar XKs) 58p; 4 (Schoolgirl Nicky, Barges under sail) 58p; 5 (Harmonious Viola, Starlets Shella and Karen) 67p; 6 (Biggest summer special) 67p; 7 (Twosome on the beach, Drag racers) 67p; 8 (Golden Shot girls, Shark hunt) 67p; 9 (Elaine, Bunter's return) 77p; 10 (Vilma, Hang-gliding) 77p; 11 (Claire, Houdini) 77p; 12 (100th issue, Emmanuelle) 77p; Vol. 10 Nos. 2 (Eight girls, Victoria's pornographer) 77p; 3 (Seven girls, Mustang fighter) 77p; 4 (Shop steward's daughter Geraldine, Austin Sevens) 77p; 5 (Red colonel's daughter, Bronco Bikes) 77p; 6 (Mandy, Bareknuckle battlers) 77p; 7 (Nude Miss Sun, Windjammer at war) 77p; 8 (Usherette Pauline, Adam's Eves) 77p; 9 (Lindy, Tarzan) 77p; 10 (Debbie's Sahara strip, Sword-fighting) 77p; 11 (Dawn, Thunderbolt Superbikes) 77p; 12 (21 Girls, Wooster spoof) 77p; Vol. 11 Nos. 1 (TV's 'Omnibus' girl, World War Two vehicles) 77p; 2 (Nude: Miss World's runner-up, Walrus sea-plane) 77p; 3 (Rachel: the girl from 'The Sweeney', Miniature mariners) 77p; 4 (Unchained Charlotte, Sunbeam cars) 77p; 5 (Nudest Miss Norwich, Prince of practical jokers) 77p; 6 (132 pages – nine girls, Steam submarines) 77p; 7 (Bridget from Torbay, Speed sailing) 77p; 8 (Bobby, Tiger Tanks) 77p; 9 (Tenth anniversary special, Douglas Dakota) 77p; 10 (Human cannonball, Canal boats) 77p; 11 (Nordic Nanna, The foundering father of submarine warfare) 77p; 12 (Biggest issue, ten girls) £1.15; Vol. 12 Nos. 2 ('Jaws' nude, Brooklands) 87p; 3 (Sixteen-year-old Sally, King Kong) 87p; 4 (Outstanding Miss from Cheltenham Ladies' College, Raid on St. Nazaire) 87p; 5 (Germany's sexiest cinema star, Rolls-Royce) 87p; 6 (June Jubilee issue, WW2 gliders) 87p; 7 (US President's great-great-grand-daughter) 87p; 8 (Bond's new bird bared, Stanley steam cars) 87p; 9 (Farmer's daughter Bernice, Gambling for greenhorns) 87p; 10 (Beauty from Bath, Dan Dare) 87p; 11 (June Palmer, Rommel raid) 87p; 12 (Captivating Claire, 'Star Wars') £1.20; Vol. 13 No. 1 (Caroline, Q-Ships) 87p; 2 (Nudest Miss Denmark, How to seduce an air stewardess) 87p; 3 (Sophia Loren's nudest double, Graffiti) 87p; 4 (Nurse Nancy's naughty fantasy, Triumph Roadsters) 87p; 5 (The nudest bingo caller, Hovercraft racing) 87p; 6 (Tricia on the court, Air guns) 87p; 7 (Frances, Heydrich assassination) 87p; 8 (Sheffield's nudest lady lawyer, Spraycan cars) 87p; 9 (Our cute clairvoyant, vintage tractors) 87p.

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NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

There is little doubt that *Saturday Night Fever* has aroused every night fever in London's discotheques right now.

But who is smart enough to know where to go at what time and why? Time is of the essence when you visit a discotheque: you can miss the scene at **Wedgies** at 11 pm and miss the girls at **Gullivers** at 2 am, where members are in bed by midnight, and home by three. But when is the *moment critique* when you ought to be where? To clear the confusion we tell you now of some of London's best discotheques, and precisely when and why you ought to be there.

Alibi in the King's Road, Chelsea, is in existence because of the well-chosen membership and the well-chosen music. Get there at any time, if that is what you are looking for.

Annabels in Berkeley Square is the most exclusive discotheque: get there if you can.

Le Beat Route in Greek Street is the mad discotheque – spaghetti-eating competitions go hand in hand with Mad Hatter's Nights when prizes are given for the funniest head gear: get there for a laugh at elevenish.

Bennetts has got to be the place if you are in Battersea – though the trendies will cross the Thames to go down there for the midnight scene.

The **Burlesque** is the place to go if you're sexy – a discotheque with talkable danceable waitresses and strip-tease acts. Get there at midnight. Club **Belles de Nuit** is the club with a difference – it's run entirely by ladies and you are served by girls in a dark red cosy plush world. The time to get there is from 10.15 pm till 1.30 am to see the strip-tease shows or dance with the dancing partners.

Coco's is the place for immediately after the pubs shut – a Cromwell Road rendezvous for those pessimists who think they will never see another woman again. They all get down there from 11 pm onwards.

The **Director's Lodge** in Mason's Yard off Duke Street, SW1 is the topless waitress discotheque: *'defense de toucher'* at any time.

Dial Nine is a great place to pass the time if good food and W2 appeal to you. The **Embassy Club** in Bond Street is of course the way-out club for those who want to see the outrageous, dancing to outstanding music. Get there at 11 pm and stay until about 2 am.

The **Empress** in Stratton Street, Berkeley Square, has the great advantage of a glass walled discotheque room so that you may dine in a leisurely manner to a quiet trio or walk into a frenetic discotheque, at your option. The time to get there is before 10.30 pm because they often have an interesting stage show as well. It is expensive and the annual subscription alone is over £80.

The **Gaslight Club** in Duke of York Street, just off Jermyn Street, has to qualify as the naughtiest discotheque, being the only one where you can dance with a topless girl. Get there at midnight.

Le Club in Belgravia is a smart dining club with a cosy discotheque floor hidden in one corner of the plush brown carpeted room. Get there at 10 pm for a leisurely seduction dinner with the discotheque phased to help you.

La Valbonne in Kingly Street has a swimming pool set into the dance floor and Tuesday is the night when ladies are admitted without entrance charge – be there at the beginning (10 pm) for a better choice.

The **007** in the Hilton has got to be the darkest, most discreet hotel discotheque – it is wise to get there before 11 pm because they quite often get completely full.

And finally **Wedgies** or **Raffles** in the King's Road provide the comfortable background for Chelsea's fashionable set to parade and relax after dark: so get there after midnight and see the action.

But remember although some clubs give instant membership, others need a proposer. Some clubs have full membership lists – however, the situation is always changing so check with the club before you go.

THE AMERICAN WITH A TASTE FOR BRITAIN.

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CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

SUE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ROGER PEARSON

Twenty-three year old Sue Carlton is a girl who likes to shock people – 'just for a laugh', she grins. 'I enjoy watching their faces as I say or do something others might think twice about.' Like the time ginger-haired Sue was stretched out in the middle of the Yorkshire moors, letting the sun warm every part of her 34-24-34 figure. 'It was so funny,' she says, 'there was no one around. Only one farmer in a tractor came by and stopped, and, looking skywards, he asked me the way to the pub. He didn't look down at me and just carried on his way.' Work-wise, Bradford-born Sue is a believer in variety.

'I have cut a lot of balls off in my time,' she giggles, a twinkle in her green eyes. But not to worry. 'I used to be a veterinary nurse,' she explains, 'and they belonged to little boy kittens. You do it at six weeks and it's all very painless. I also served on the booze section at Liptons, sold shoes, fruit and vegetables, worked for a baker and even for a butchers for a short time. Now I'm hoping for a modelling career.' And Sue, educated at 'Barnsley Girls High School, my dear,' is no stranger to the beauty queen catwalks either, being a finalist in the Miss Bradford contest. 'And that was ever so funny, too,' says Sue. 'We were in a horse and buggy driving through the streets in the Lord Mayor's procession when something in the crowd scared the horse. He reared up and the shaft came loose and he bolted. The buggy went into a lamppost, luckily I stayed put.

'The horse ran off somewhere and, quite frankly, I don't care what happened to the damned thing. People rushed over to us and I was very well felt by the St John Ambulance man! I did suffer some internal bruising and was treated for shock.' During less hectic times, you may well bump into Sue enjoying a game of darts at the *Half Way Inn* at Shipley – 'It was Tetley's Pub of the Year,' says Sue proudly. 'Actually, I'm not bad,' she confides, 'at least for a girl. My top score is one hundred and twenty one.' At other times you might catch sight of her at *The Connection* in Shipley: a pizza palace which features live music from a country and western group. 'Personally, there's no particular group I like – I enjoy all music from Led Zeppelin to Hank Williams.' As for men, Sue says coyly, 'I *am* only human. But I never set out to attract men; I *do* have plenty of men friends on the other hand, but the relationships themselves are platonic only.'

IT'S NOT EASY GIVING UP BLANKETS. YOU'LL NEED HELP.

You'd think that once you'd made the decision to change to a continental quilt, the rest would be relatively easy.

You'd read a few advertisements, visit a couple of shops, pay your money, and that'd be it.

But no.

When you actually try it, it almost seems that quilt manufacturers are ganging up to confuse you.

What size do you want? What filling? What tog value? (What on earth is a tog value?).

Slumberdown have been as guilty as anyone.

So on this page we've tried to put down as simply as possible everything you need to know to choose the right continental quilt.

Or, as we like to think of it, the right Slumberdown.

FIRST, HOW DOES A SLUMBERDOWN WORK?

In theory, a Slumberdown is much the same as a blanket.

Both are designed to keep in the natural heat from your body, whilst keeping out the cold.

Both, in fact, are insulators.

But whereas blankets are fairly inefficient insulators (that's why you have to keep piling on more of them when it's really cold), quilts are extremely efficient.

They're filled with a very light, plump material which traps the maximum amount of air

The result is that a Slumberdown weighing 3 to 4½ lbs is as warm as sheets and blankets weighing about 15 lbs.

IF IT KEEPS ME WARM IN THE WINTER, WON'T IT BE TOO HOT IN THE SUMMER?

One of the greatest advantages of a Slumberdown is also the hardest to swallow

"It's warm when you want it to be warm, and cool when you want it to be cool"sounds like the kind of line you get from the most dubious of salesmen.

But think back to how it works.

It doesn't actually make you warm, it keeps you warm. It's the heat of your own body that provides the warmth.

So what the weather's doing outside is irrelevant. You stay at your own natural temperature.

WON'T IT FALL OFF DURING THE NIGHT?

No, but you can be forgiven for thinking otherwise.

After all, blankets have their weight to keep them on and they're tucked in, whereas a Slumberdown is extremely light and you don't tuck it in.

Oddly enough, it's this very lightness that makes it stay on the bed.

Unlike blankets, it actually moulds perfectly round your body (you can see what we mean by the diagrams) and when you move, it moves.

This phenomenon of hugging your body also eliminates the draughts that you get with blankets.

HOW BIG SHOULD IT BE?

For a quilt to work properly, it's essential that it's the right size.

The rule is simple. Your quilt should be at least 10" wider than your bed on either side (9" for a single), and at least 6' 6" long.

Slumberdown make quilts to fit every standard bed size. And in our king size we even make two lengths, long and extra long.

Most manufacturers don't.

So measure your bed, add 20" (18" for a single), and insist that that's the size quilt you want

And if you're in any doubt, always go for the bigger one.

WHAT TYPE OF FILLING SHOULD YOU HAVE?

Quilts break down into two types: natural and synthetic. But there are degrees of both.

Synthetic quilts are generally filled with Terylene, they're generally cheaper, and they're generally a little less warm (although just to confuse matters, the new Slumberdown Hi-Loft is actually as warm as down).

The main advantage of synthetic quilts is that they're washable, so they're ideal for children or anyone who's likely to spill things on them.

Of the natural quilts,the softest, lightest, warmest filling is white goose down. It's also the most expensive.

Not far behind is duck down.

But most people go for a mixture of down and feather. It combines the luxury of down with the cost advantages of feather.

The ratio of down to feather varies; the more down it has, the more it costs.

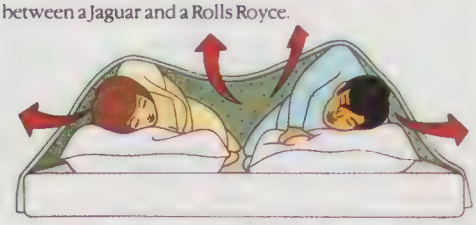
Slumberdown "Down and Feather" has 51% down and 49% feather. "Feather and Down" has 85% feather and 15% down.

The way the warmth of any particular quilt is measured is by what's called its tog value. The average is about 8.5 for synthetic and 9.5 for natural.

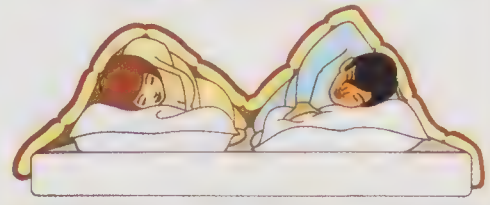
But when you're buying Slumberdown, you don't really have to worry.

There's a British Standard BS 5335 for quilts which covers both quality and tog rating, and every one of our quilts more than lives up to it.

So, if you decide to go for one of the less expensive ones, you're really only talking about the difference between a Jaguar and a Rolls Royce.



BLANKETS ARE LIKE TENTS THEY LET IN DRAUGHTS



A SLUMBERDOWN HUGS YOU CLOSE. DRAUGHTS DON'T STAND A CHANCE

WHAT ABOUT CLEANING?

In normal use a Slumberdown only needs cleaning about once every five years.

You simply wash the coverslip as you'd wash sheets and, provided you don't have a major accident, it protects the quilt.

With a synthetic, you can also wash the quilt itself.

But really, natural quilts are no problem either.

There's a special Slumberdown cleaning service which you'll be told about when you buy your quilt.

FINALLY, WHERE SHOULD YOU BUY A QUILT?

Nowadays, most chain stores and department stores stock quilts of one kind or another, including Slumberdown.

But if you're still in any doubt, it's worth taking a bit of trouble and going to one with a Slumberdown Centre (they're in just about every major town).

Naturally, we're biased. But not without reason.

You see, Slumberdown Centres aren't staffed with sales people, they're staffed with experts who're trained to answer all the questions that maybe we haven't.

And when you consider that a Slumberdown's likely to last you a lifetime, it'd be a pity to make a mistake.

SLUMBERDOWN QUILTS

Stella

continued from page 26

campaign. You may assume that I flattered Stella, simultaneously encouraging and stalling her. I let her think that Heather was far more jealous and watchful than she was; and that Joe was also jealous. (In fact the wretch might well have thanked me, tearfully, had he known that I intended to share what he regarded as a load.)

After six weeks, Stella was in a quiet ferment. I was pleased to find that she enjoyed talking about sex, and that despite her attempts to seem experienced and sophisticated, she was not particularly knowledgeable. Had her irritation at our being unable to consummate the hitherto verbal affair not been so comical, it would have been pitiful.

Finally, long after it could have been managed, I phoned Stella. 'Come over for a drink,' I invited. 'Heather's away for three days, I'd appreciate company.'

It was two-thirty in the afternoon when Stella arrived at my house. As soon as the front door shut, I kissed her. She sucked my tongue so frantically that it threatened to tear out at the roots, and when touched between the legs, she convulsed.

We went into the bedroom.

In essence, I fucked her efficiently but without passion – not that Stella was in any condition to tell the difference. Shortly before her climax I slipped a finger up her anus. She gasped and bucked and then there was that indescribable opening-up of a woman, when I thrust clear into her womb (and beyond, sensation lied). I had been right, Joe had not been an educated lover and if she had been serviced by others, they were matchingly staid. In any event, Stella's climax left her floating, grinning stupidly, chin glistening where she had dribbled in her delirium.

I hid a smile. She was very proud of herself, and probably thought that her blah-accented whispers – 'Fuck me, dahling, fuck me good' – were the epitome of sexual daring and skill. We would see.

I weighed her up while she rested. Stripped, she fulfilled the earlier promise: plump, big-nippled breasts, whipcord body, strong legs. The breasts were the only surplus fat on her frame.

Women are usually impressed by champagne, Stella proving no exception. After a couple of glasses her interest revived. She squealed wildly when I poured the dregs of mine on her loins, rubbing it into her black bush so that the hairs curled like watchsprings.

'Phil, you're crazy! Kiss me, darling.' I evaded her arms, planted my mouth on her vagina, and sucked her labia. I kept it brief; that, and the stinging sensation from the wine, should do my preparatory work.

Stella made it clear that she was not in bed to sleep.

Feigning weariness, I wouldn't play. Instead I lay beside her with my feet on the pillow and my head near her waist.

Her disappointment was palpable, in a moment she would coax and plead. I took her hand and kissed it . . . then sucked her forefinger, wetting it thoroughly. I could sense her puzzlement – she groaned dramatically, thinking that it was expected of her, and opened her legs. I put her hand on her groin and lay still.

Nothing. Soon she was pawing at me, trying to make me get up and mount her. Again I sucked her forefinger and replaced it. When she put a hand on my shoulder, I slapped it sharply and replaced the offender between her legs.

Either Stella was stupid or stubborn. She lay passively – if a woman seething with need can be described as passive. I sighed theatrically, placed my forefinger alongside her own (licking her finger thoroughly and pointedly, first) and began rubbing our joint fingers along her crack.

'Oh, Phil . . . no. I can't.'

I took my hand away and stared down at her. 'Why not?'

Her brown eyes, hard to make out in the gloom of drawn curtains, were swimming and confused or so I thought. 'I . . . just can't. Not in front of you.' And with a spurt of her public persona, 'There's a time and a place.'

'Nonsense. You do it beautifully, on your own at home. Practically every day.' The random shot went home. Stella blushed crimson, even in the artificial twilight I could see that, and covered her eyes.

'It's silly,' she repeated weakly lamely. 'I don't want to.'

'But you want me to fuck you, Stella. If you're a good girl, you can rest your

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'I suppose that a bloody silly charge like this deserves a bloody silly comment like that.'

THE DOGGER BANK BLUNDER

By Mark Seaman

Why on a dark night in 1904 in the North Sea was the might of the Tsar's Second Pacific Squadron unleashed on four Hull trawlers?

On Friday October 21, 1904 George Smith, the skipper of the Hull trawler *Crane*, and his third mate, John Leggett, died at sea whilst fishing off the Dogger Bank. Many fishermen have died in these rich fishing grounds throughout the ages. But the deaths of these two men had nothing to do with the everyday hazards confronting trawlermen. Smith and Leggett were killed by Russian gunfire; decapitated by shells fired from ships of Tsar Nicholas II's Second Pacific Squadron.

Merchant vessels and even trawlers are fair targets for enemy warships in time of war, but Great Britain and Russia had been at peace for nearly 50 years. The week that

followed this apparently minor incident in the North Sea was to bring these two great world powers to the very brink of war.

How did it happen? What was a Russian Pacific Squadron doing in the North Sea and, furthermore, what inspired it to attack the fishing fleet of Great Britain, at that time, indisputably, the mightiest naval power in the world?

To get to the roots of the story, we must look back several months to February 1904 and an event that occurred on the other side of the world. On February 8 Admiral Togo of the Imperial Japanese Navy attacked the Russian naval base of Port Arthur in Manchuria with a force of destroyers, thus firing the first shots of the Russo-Japanese War. Fought over rival claims to authority in Manchuria and Korea, the war at first appeared to have only one logical outcome; the crushing defeat of the 'Gallant little Jap' by the Russian colossus.

But events soon shattered the predictions of the experts. Togo bottled up the main Russian naval force in Port Arthur, giving Japan control of the seas and thereby allowing it to transport and supply an army in Manchuria with ease and safety. By May 1904 Japan had gained control of Korea and forced 60,000 Russian troops into Port Arthur, there to join their already beleaguered navy.

Six thousand miles away in St Petersburg, an acutely embarrassed Russian government strove to improve the nation's martial fortunes. The immediate objective was to break the Japanese stranglehold on the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Japan. But the likelihood of this being achieved was further reduced with the news in August of yet another Russian setback, this time at the battle of Round Mountain. Admiral Togo had emphatically shown that the Russian Navy in the Far East could not save itself; St Petersburg had, therefore, to send help.

In 1904 the Russian Navy was divided up into three main fleets; the Pacific Fleet, the Black Sea Fleet and the Baltic Fleet. By August, the active Russian naval strength in the China Seas had been reduced to three armoured cruisers operating out of Vladivostok, the remainder having been either sunk or hemmed into Port Arthur. Of the two remaining fleets, that of the Black Sea was nearest to the battlefront in the East, but it was confined to the Black Sea, the movement of warships through the Dardanelles having been banned by international treaty. That only left the Baltic Fleet, for better or worse, as the only available force. Better never came into it.

The mission was doomed to failure at the planning stage, long before the ships had weighed anchor from their home ports. The Baltic Fleet was small and decrepit, largely because it was operational on only a part-time basis. For with the Baltic frozen over for half the year, the fleet was able to put to sea only during the ice-free summer months. Russian public opinion and national pride, however, demanded a grand gesture and the Baltic Fleet was the only available means of making it. The plan, to sail 18,000 miles around the world, beat Togo in a great naval battle, relieve the siege of Port Arthur and win the war, was greeted rapturously by the Tsar and his people, equally anxious for victory. It was an ambitious strategy, and that is about the only complimentary comment one can make on it. If the plan was ludicrous, its implementation was farcical. The fleet was reinforced to give it a total strength of 42 vessels but this decision, if anything, adversely affected the fleet's already low chances of success; for a large proportion of the 42 were colliers, transports and support ships, essential on such a long voyage, but adding nothing to the force's combat potential and, what is more, drastically reducing the fleet's speed.

The crews were no more impressive than their ships. The 10,000 sailors manning the fleet consisted mostly of reservists, soldiers, 'green' conscripts and men transferred from the Black Sea Fleet (predictably those that the Black Sea Fleet wished to off-load, such as trouble-makers, subversives and revolutionaries). As one might expect, there was no rush at the Admiralty to command the fleet (optimistically entitled the Second Pacific Squadron). Several admirals, exhibiting supreme common-sense, refused to be associated with such a hare-brained scheme, until eventually, the command was accepted by the Naval Chief of Staff, Admiral Zinovi Rozhestvensky.

A gunnery expert and noted for his honesty and integrity, Rozhestvensky had never commanded a peace-time fleet, let alone sailed one around the world in time of war. Furthermore, the Admiral's character was ill-suited to moulding a collection of disparate elements into an effective fighting force. Exceptionally short-tempered, Rozhestvensky bawled at officers and ratings alike, giving vent to his feelings by throwing binoculars at his staff officers or firing blanks and live rounds from the flagship, *Suvorov*, in the direction of ships slow to respond to his signals.

As the squadron assembled at the Baltic

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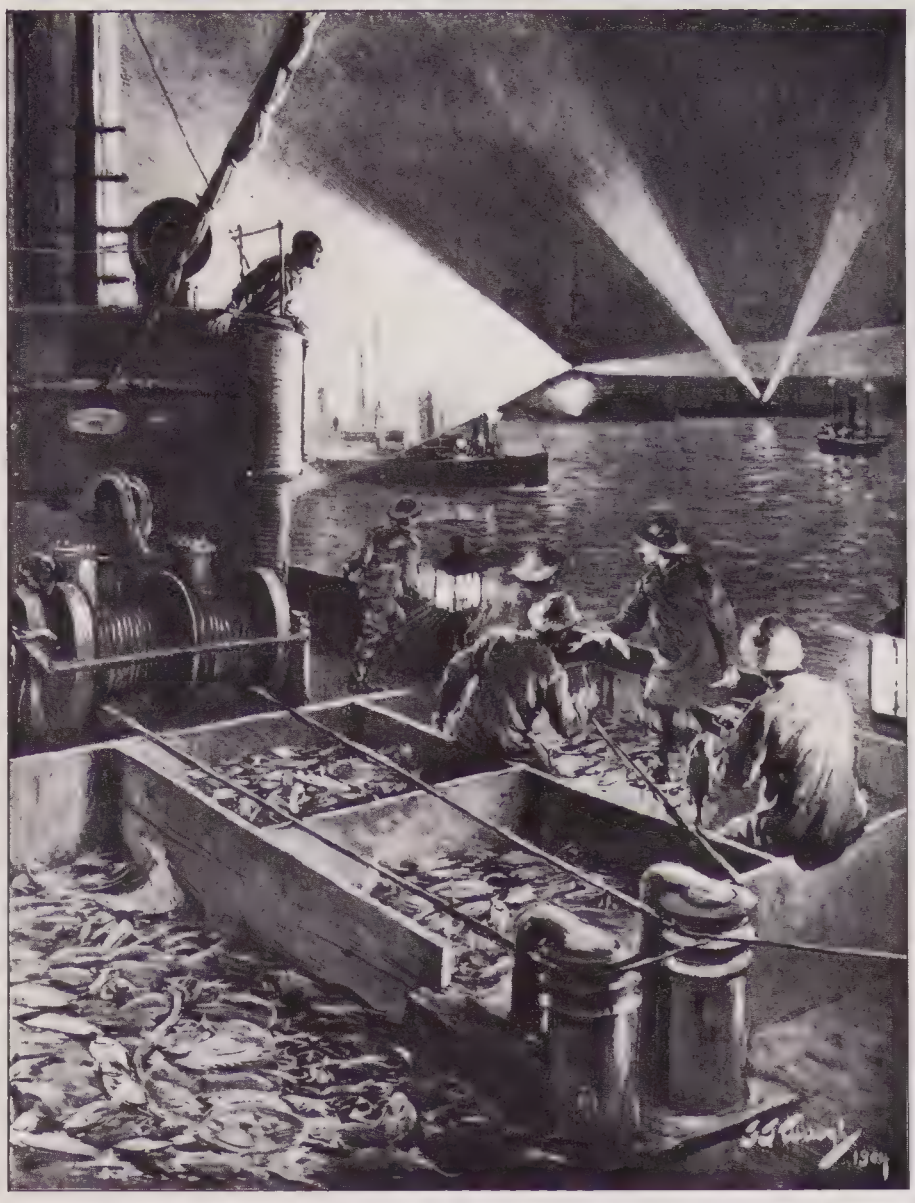

A contemporary artist's impression of the Russians' first shot on the trawler 'Mino.'

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H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING: CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY

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Please send me Esthetic Hair Thickener I enclose a cheque/PO for £3.95 (£3.65 plus 30p p. & p.)

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..... HTMY10

The Dogger Bank Blunder

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port of Libau, the first of a series of mishaps and minor disasters occurred. One of the consequences of being iced in was that the sailors of the Baltic Fleet had been prey to revolutionary infiltrators whilst confined to barracks throughout the winter months. This strong subversive element was made evident in the new Second Pacific Squadron when the crews began to sabotage their own ships prior to sailing. They need scarcely have bothered. In the next few weeks, sheer incompetence and abysmal seamanship were to wreak more damage upon the squadron than any saboteur's efforts.

Threatened from within, the squadron feared a greater danger from without; the dreaded 'Yellow Peril'. The Russian Admiralty was worried to the point of paranoia about another surprise attack like that on Port Arthur, this time to be perpetrated in the Baltic. A brief glance at an atlas would have assured most reasonable men that a Japanese naval presence in Scandinavia was unfeasible. But the Russian Naval Staff was not reasonable; as distance meant nothing in their own planning of operations, they assumed that the Japanese could be equally ambitious (or lunatic). So great, in fact, was the fear of a Japanese sneak attack, that an intelligence unit was established in Copenhagen, under the command of a Captain Hartling. The unit's mission was to monitor information regarding possible Japanese action against the squadron, whilst its budget amounted to some 300,000 roubles and 450,000 French francs.

In an attempt to give value for money, Hartling was to send the squadron a series of reports, remarkable for their quantity and variety rather than their accuracy, telling of Japanese minefields, Japanese torpedo boats disguised as trawlers lurking in fiords, Japanese armed merchantmen in the German Bight, Japanese crews in British dockyards awaiting the completion of their destroyers and submerged submarines. These reports were to make an already incompetent squadron a scared, incompetent squadron. Incompetent is, perhaps, too mild a word to describe the rank ineptitude exhibited by the Second Pacific Squadron in its efforts at leaving port. The first order to weigh anchor resulted in such utter confusion that the ships were sent back to their moorings and told to try it again. If the squadron, collectively, was a mess, individually, the ships began to behave like nautical dodgem cars. One ship, the *Oryol*, was grounded for a day, the destroyer *Bystry* rammed the battleship *Ossliabia* and, as the pièce de résistance, Rozhestvensky's own flagship struck bottom as it tried to leave Libau harbour.

At sea, the most elementary manoeuvres were totally muffed or orders to perform them were ignored; an emergency drill against torpedo attack had to be abandoned because both officers and men were fast asleep and, even when finally awoken, the watch did not have the faintest idea what to do. Having received reports from Hartling of Japanese minefields, Rozhestvensky decided to give his command some practice in minesweeping tactics. The task should have been quite simple; two vessels of matched speed pulling a cable, stretched between them, through the water.

Unfortunately the two vessels selected to pull the sweep were of contrasting speeds and power, with the result that one shot off, leaving the other behind. The cable stretched and then snapped. With remarkable logic, Rozhestvensky solved the problem by ordering that 'the passage is to be considered as having been swept'.

Inept and frightened, the squadron was reduced to a level of panic on leaving the comparative safety of the Baltic, for yet more reports came in from Hartling. As vague as all the preceding information, the latest messages told of 'four mysterious warships proceeding south from Norway, at high speed and without lights', 'a Japanese observation balloon' and, the most ludicrous so far, a naval 'Kamikaze' force.

A result of the fear engendered by Hartling's scaremongering was Rozhestvensky's order that 'no vessel of any sort whatever must be allowed to get in amongst the fleet'. Sound words, but far from increasing vigilance, this command merely made the ill-disciplined squadron trigger-happy. So far, Rozhestvensky and his motley bunch had only inflicted damage on themselves, but now out amongst the thousands of ships that crowded one of the world's busiest sea lanes, it was only a matter of time before they bumped into something.

Upon entering the North Sea, the squadron was split up into six divisions with the Admiral and four new and powerful, *Suvorov* class battleships bringing up the rear. All was progressing well until, just before nine pm on October 21, the flagship received garbled wireless messages from the repair ship *Kamchatka* that she was being attacked by torpedo boats, having lost contact with her cruiser escort following a breakdown in her boiler room. In spite of the tension on board the *Suvorov*, the dreaded news of attack was not taken too seriously, owing to the fact that the *Kamchatka*'s skipper, Captain Stepanov, was a notorious drunkard and that his command suffered in consequence to the extent that it was recognised as the squadron buffoon. But the reports continued to come in throughout the evening; at first telling of a battle with eight torpedo boats and then, at about 11 pm, informing the astonished flagship that the attackers had been beaten off. Thus far, Rozhestvensky and his staff could treat the affair as a joke, albeit in bad taste, but the next message from the *Kamchatka* was of a decidedly sinister tenor. The victorious Stepanov wished to join the battleships and requested that they state their position and indicate it by switching on their searchlights. Having sent this request, the *Kamchatka* met all authenticity checks, wirelessed to her from the *Suvorov*, with total silence. Rozhest-

turn to page 80

If you're one of those people who imagine that watching TV in bed is an ideal way to relax, just think about it for a second.

Every time you want to change the channel, adjust the volume or turn off the set, you have to get out of bed.

Which, we're sure you'll agree, is anything but relaxing.

So, if you're thinking about a second TV have a look first at the new National Panasonic remote control portable.

By touching a button on the control unit you can adjust the volume, flick through the channels and turn the set on and off.

All without leaving the comfort of your bed.

That's the remote control. What about the TV?

At 13.1 Kg. it's the lightest 14"colour portable on the market. Which is important if you're going to be moving it all around the house.

It's got a clear, sharp picture just as you'd expect from National Panasonic.

Much of the credit must go to our own 14"Quintrix tube. With its extra lens to focus the electron beam needle-sharp and a black matrix screen to give the picture more contrast.

To help you tune the set more accurately there's the magic line colour tuner. Here again, an exclusive of National Panasonic sets.

Flick a switch and a green band appears across the screen. Turn the tuner until the band is as narrow as possible, switch off the line and your TV is perfectly tuned.

And finally, it comes with a two year guarantee for parts and labour.

Which makes it a TV that puts your mind at rest as well as your body.

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Just slightly ahead of our time. MA10

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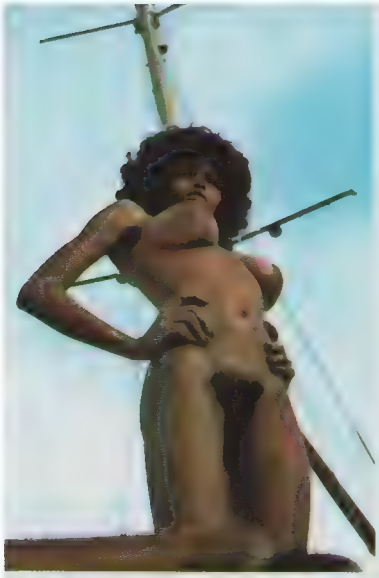
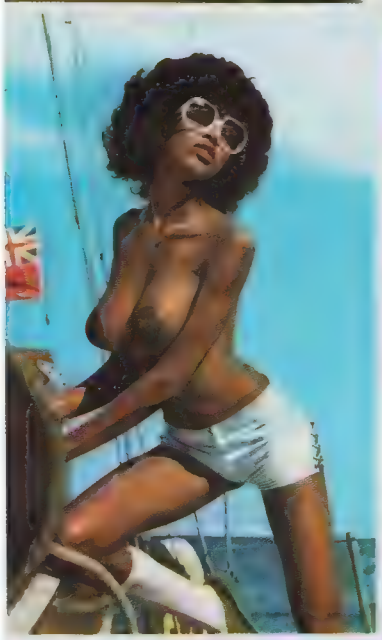
ALL SIZES REFER TO TUBE SIZES. PRICES CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS.

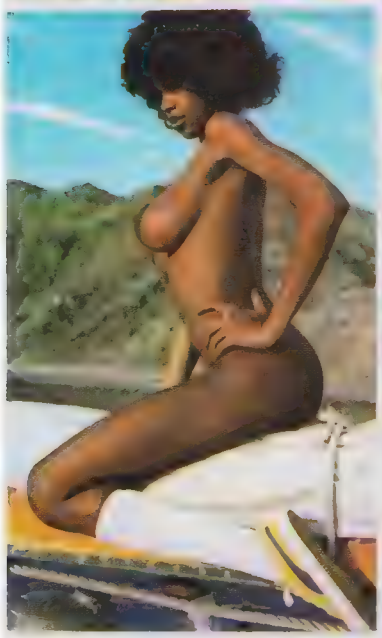


CAMELLA

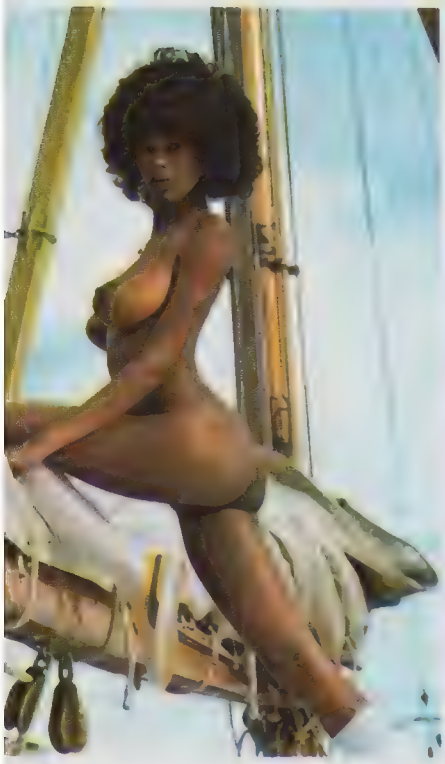
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

As any geography book will reliably inform you, the sun-drenched, palm-fringed Caribbean island of Antigua is a part of the Leeward Islands which themselves are a component of the Lesser Antilles. What books won't tell you though is that of all the exports to come from this part of the world, none can surely have more man-appeal than our astounding 34D–22–34 centregirl Camella Donner.





Camella, who's 20 years old, arrived in London from Antigua three years ago and instantly started whipping up a storm in the modelling world. She's appeared in poster and magazine adverts for Polaroid sunglasses and Joy soap for the Nigerian market, but she blew minds in this country during an appearance on BBC's *Top of the Pops* last year. As the group Heatwave played their hit song *Too Hot To Handle*, a scantily clad Camella gyrating to a backdrop of flames was superimposed over the group, thus causing the temperatures of countless male viewers to rocket up. We whipped Camella from the studios away for a shoot on the Red Sea, (read about that in 'Scene' on page 15), but for now, just feast your eyes upon a truly outstanding girl.



MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / CAMELLA DONNER

It's got 30
days to beat
your clock.

By 'clock', we're referring of course to your face. That problem area you're confronted with every morning.

While we can't do much about your face, we can do plenty about the cause of the problem, your beard.

And to that end, we'd like you to consider the Remington M3.

The only shaver that comes with a 30 day, money-back promise.

If for any reason you don't believe the M3 gives you the best shave you've ever had, return it to us within 30 days of purchase and we'll refund every penny you paid for it.

What gives us the nerve to put our money where your chin is like this?

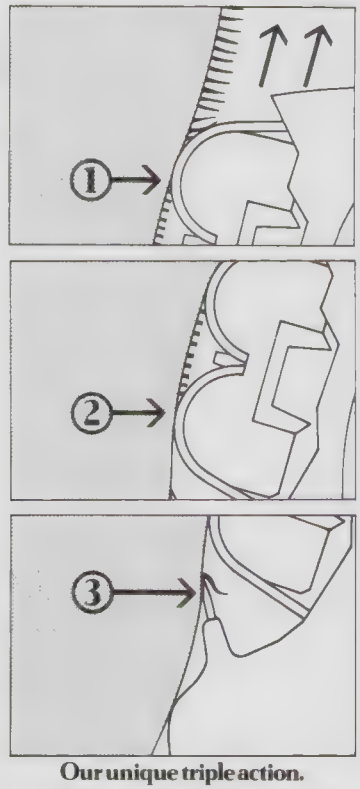
A shaving breakthrough we call 'triple action'.

The first foil head cuts the whiskers close in the normal way.

Next, a second foil cuts them a fraction of a millimetre below skin level. (It's able to do this because the two foils actually stretch the skin, forcing more of the whiskers to be exposed.)

Then the 'Intercept Cutter,' an innovation unique to the M3, disposes of those long stray whiskers that other electric shavers sometimes miss.

For sideboards and the like, the M3 also comes equipped with an additional trimmer that glides into action at the flick of a finger.



Our unique triple action.

The M3 comes in three versions: Mains, Mains De Luxe and Rechargeable.

And thanks to 'triple action', and 60 stainless steel cutting blades, we think we can say an M3 will give you the closest, smoothest, most comfortable shave ever.

Which is why we can afford to stick our chin out with this money-back promise.

(Offer applies to purchases made between September 1st 1978 and February 28th 1979.)

The Remington M3.
The ultimate shave. Or your money back.

M3

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COCKPIT CRUISERS

Photographed by Andrew Morland

Economical and reliable, the bubble car was a bold but short-lived attempt to create a cheap and handy runabout transport. Motoring with Bill Boddy

Motoring history has all manner of facets and side roads that some of us find it interesting and even nostalgic to glance back at. One such is the brief life of the bubble car. Before these motorised goldfish bowls burst on the astonished motoring firmament there had been a similar manifestation in pursuit of economical personal transport, in the guise of the cyclecar. Cyclecars, usually nasty stick-and-string-wood-and-wire confections, belonged to the 1912 to 1920s period. The bubbles came much later.

The idea behind each was the simplest possible, most basic motoring, for the impecunious who had to be mobile on the proverbial shoe string. There was, of course the motorcycle. Motorcycles were fine on dry days and over dry roads. But in the

Main picture: a German four-wheeled Messerschmitt Tiger. Its 500cc two-stroke engine gave it the exceptional maximum speed of 90 mph. Only 16 were ever imported into this country. Clockwise, starting this page, top: the Messerschmitt KR 201 cabin scooter. Its single-cylinder 191cc Sachs two-stroke engine gave a 50 mph top speed and a 40 mph cruising speed. Unique in its tandem seating design, the car was produced in Germany from 1955 to 1964. Below: an oblique view of the Tiger. Next: views of the distinctive front and rear of the Messerschmitt cabin scooter.

rain they were both very uncomfortable and rather lethal – I am thinking in terms of the fixed-gear, high-built, single-speed machines of the pre-1914 and immediately post-Armistice period. Moreover, man seeks woman, or as they said later, boy needs girl. The birds, in today's parlance, might be persuaded onto a pillion seat (there were nicely sprung ones like the Tansad to tempt them) on the aforesaid fine days. But the 'flapper bracket' was hardly the place for a smart young female in bad weather. You could, of course, purchase a sidecar, which kept your female companion dry but killed most of your bicycle's performance and isolated the woman in your life from you as you rode the device – assuming a solo rider ever managed to master a sidecar-outfit. Beneath a sidecar's hood you scarcely *saw* your girl, and gone were her arms clinging firmly to your waist, as they would have been when she rode behind you, tandem on the solo motor-bicycle.

No wonder the lads turned at first to cyclecars and later, after another war was over, to bubble cars. I have called cyclecars stick-and-string contrivances but I remember that one of this breed, the Tamplin, was actually constructed of a kind of

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Main picture: early three-wheeled Messerschmitt cabin scooters. Clockwise, starting below: the Isle of Man-made 49cc Peel Trident. Below the Irish Nobel 200. Next: a 200cc Heinkel. Produced in Germany from 1954 to 1960, the four-wheeled Heinkel was one of the most popular bubble marques. Next: the Isetta. Made first by Iso of Italy in 1954 with a 236cc two-stroke engine, it was later produced by BMW of Germany with a 245cc four-stroke engine. Next: front and rear views of the Trojan 200, a British version of the Heinkel, manufactured here from 1960 to 1964.

2268
PF

57 BAD

You could spend the evening wearing a hat.

Of all the ways you can think of
to keep your hair in place, there's only
one that does the job naturally.
Cossack Hairspray.
Before you yell 'hairspray' and run
for the hat-rack, we should tell you that
more men than ever use Cossack these days.
It gently holds hair in place and keeps it
looking neat and natural all through
the evening. Conditions it, too.
Get hold of a can of Cossack and try it
out for a couple of evenings.
Your hair will look so good the girls
will throw money in your hat.

Hairspray for men from Cossack.
The best men's hairdresser in town.

continued from page 72

superior cardboard. I remember this because I was once prevailed upon to ride in one of these crude machines, very uncomfortably, in a long-distance night-and-day trial. We had chugged through the darkness almost as far from the London start as Basingstoke when the fragile fibreboard, of which the entire vehicle was made, proved too brittle to stand any more and the engine fell out.

The bubble car, which came on the motoring scene much later, had exactly the same purpose, namely to offer inexpensive travel without the discomforts inseparable from going about one's lawful and unlawful occasions on two wheels. In fact, the bubble car was intended as a bad-weather substitute for the then prolific motor scooters. Mention of motor scooters threatens to start me off on another historical discourse, from which I will try to refrain. Let me be brief and just mention that there were motor scooters in the 1920s, crude like the cyclecars of those days, and yet becoming quite a craze. You stood up to ride your Unibus or ABC Scootamota or whatever, steering it with handlebars. I have never quite been able to comprehend why this was better than riding a small-engined motorbike. Perhaps motor scooters were then tilted towards people like district nurses, who did not care to sit astride a petrol tank or whose voluminous skirts (we are thinking of the early 1920s) might well get caught up with the chains and belts, with unhappy results, at all events for the wearer.

The kind of scooters which the bubble cars were out to replace were far more sophisticated things, with saddle or seat. Anyway, by the time they emerged onto the post-World War Two scene women's lib was operating, to the degree that the girls wore hardly any skirts and riding a motorcycle or scooter presented no difficulties or disasters. Only discomforts, which the bubble car overcame. The accompanying photographs convey us back to the period of these unusual machines. Strictly, of course, a bubble car should look more or less like a wheeled bubble. The first ones did. In time there were the usual deviations. It is fun to look back at these odd motor vehicles, now almost defunct, although some have survived and there is the inevitable club catering for them. They emanated from Italy, when few peasants could afford proper cars. The age-old problem was. however, the same. In the normal sunny heat of that jolly country a motor scooter was great, especially as it encouraged young bloods with thoughts of Alfa Romeo, Ferrari and Maserati in their heads to nip through the traffic of Milan and Turin, Naples and Rome more quickly than any car. But in the rain – and it can rain even in Italy – the birds soon tired of getting wet when riding side-saddle on the back of a quick scooter, attempting to hold aloft an umbrella. Hence the bubble car.

On the whole these were pretty crude. I remember that talented motoring writer and engineer, the late Laurence Pomeroy (his father had been chief engineer of the illustrious Daimler company) saying of one make of bubble that it had 'a certain sordid fascination, like picking at a scab'. I sampled a few of the family and had my moments, as when a Bond three-wheeler (not exactly a bubble but included under this general heading) shed its steering pulleys (it was steered through the medium of wires), which were promptly commandeered by some Sea Scouts before I could find them. Many of these machines had very underpowered two-stroke engines which, like two-strokes in lawn mowers, were all too apt to oil up, soot up, or grow whiskers on their plug points. They ran on tiny tyres and so bounced around a lot. Never mind. Let's refresh our memories about some of the better-known specimens.

There was the Isetta, which started it all. That was back in 1953, when Iso SpA of Milan (where those beautiful but drenched Italian birds were still sitting it out on scooters) gave them something different. The Isetta was a replacement for the company's own contribution to those unprotected two-wheelers. It was certainly ingenious, a true bubble. Under 7½ feet long, it was a four-wheeler but with a rear track of only two feet. You entered it through a front door that dropped a hinged steering column and wheel into your lap as the door shut. Think of this, in a head-on crash! A 236 cc twin-cylinder two-stroke engine with both cylinders sharing a common firing chamber, was in the tail, driving through a four-speed, all-synchromesh gearbox. There were, though, Dubonnet-type independent front springing, and hydraulic brakes. As the Italian economy improved things like Fiat 500s ousted the Isetta bubble. It lived for a mere three years. But it was adopted by BMW in Germany, and as BMW of Munich always do things very nicely, this BMW Isetta, which had a single-cylinder *four*-stroke engine and was introduced in 1954, lasted until 1963. Isetta of Great Britain also made it from 1957 to 1964, under licence from BMW; both three and four-wheeled English Isettas were produced.

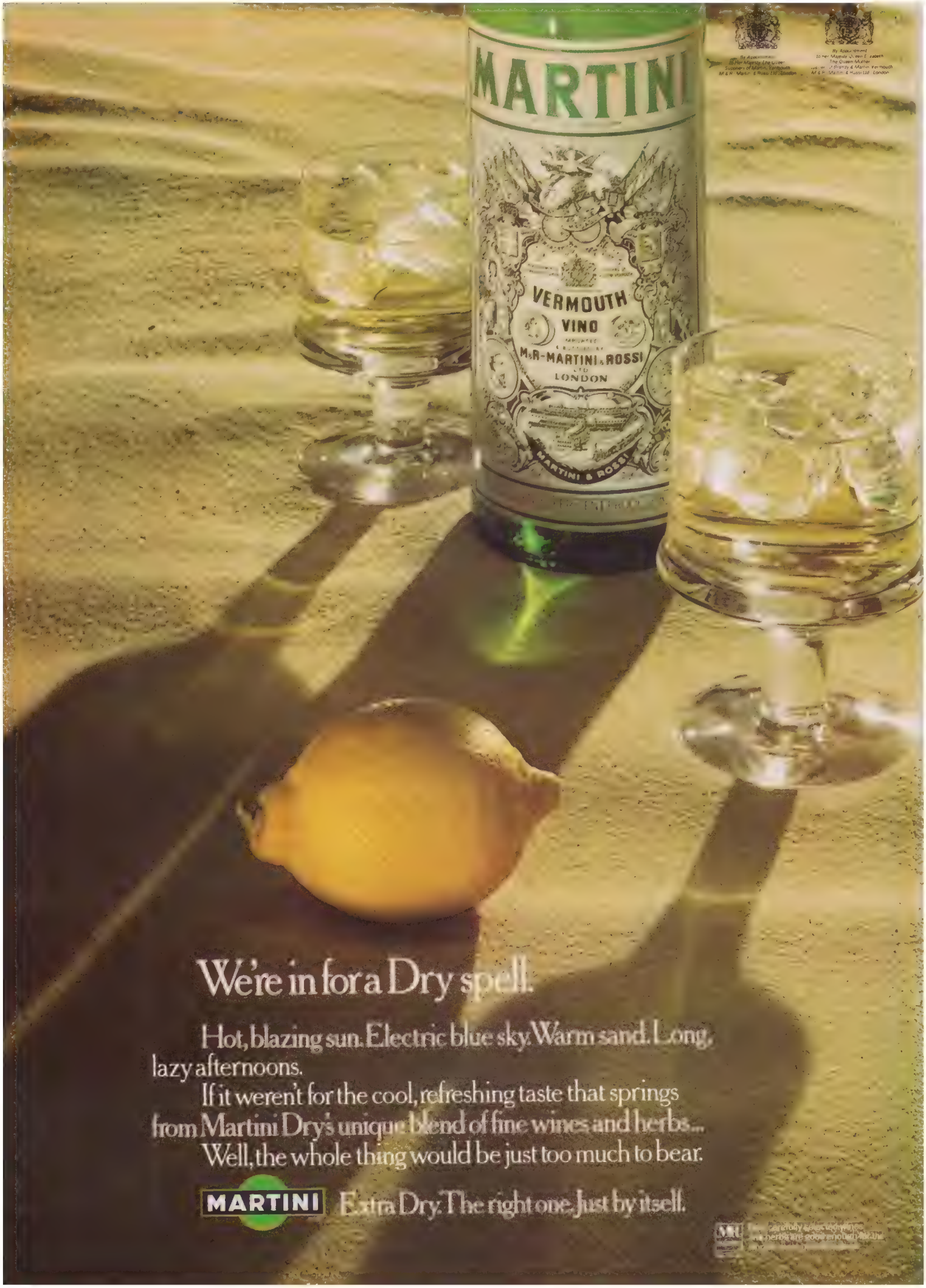
'I didn't think for a moment that you'd accept!'

On much the same ploy was the Heinkel bubble, brought out in 1955. It looked like an Isetta but had a four-stroke motor of 175 cc in its tail, cooled by air, which was later enlarged to 198 cc, and close-set twin back wheels added. Trojan adopted the design here, using a 200 cc two-cycle engine. Another on the same basic lines was the Fuldamobil of Fulda, extant from 1950 and for a decade thereafter. It was built under licence here as the Nobel and also in Greece, Chile and India, which makes it sound more desirable than perhaps it was. It used various propellants a 200 cc Ilo engine in later times. Bodies were of steel and later of fibreglass.

It is curious how aircraft manufacturers seem to have been attracted to the bubble theme.

We have discussed the Heinkel: the Zundapp borrowed a design from Dornier, and there was the quite popular Messerschmitt. The last-named was a bit different in looks from other bubble cars, being a narrow tandem-seater. In fact a legend arose that they were based on surplus cockpits from the Messerschmitt 109! Originally a three-wheeler, the Messerschmitt Tiger of 1958 to 1960 was a four-wheeler with a 500 cc Sachs engine, quite a sting in the tail. A Messerschmitt could be pushed through very slight gaps in town traffic, steered by handle-bars, and its transparent bubble top was hinged down one side. You just climbed in and pulled the top over you, aeroplane fashion. There were inbuilt headlamps and the spare wheel fitted onto the tail. Dispense with the top and you have a rather amusing open flier for two; until it rains. Which is about where we came in.

Before closing, however, I must include the Peel Trident, as the oddest bubble anyone has ever blown. First, it was the only Isle of Man motor. Secondly, it looked like a travelling telephone kiosk. Thirdly, it was a one-seater and its DKW engine was a mere 49 cc – about the size of those engines in model boats when I was a boy! Peel came up against the boy-needs-girl syndrome, so brought out a tandem two-seater in 1965. But the marque did not last. Mostly people who want economy go for Minis. Yet the bubble car theme is still with us. Latest is the French Flipper, intended for an adult and child (which seems to leave someone out). It uses a single-pot three bhp Sachs engine driving the front of the vehicle, and turning as a unit, like a Bond's engine, except that the Flipper has *two* front wheels, on a centre-pivot axle like a traction engine. This bubble car of 1978 weighs 328 lb, is 6½-feet long and apparently reaches all of 15mph. It costs about the equivalent of £1,300 in its home country. So it is a great deal more expensive, and a good deal slower, than those cyclecars and 1950s bubble cars we have been recalling.



We're in for a Dry spell.

Hot, blazing sun. Electric blue sky. Warm sand. Long, lazy afternoons.

If it weren't for the cool, refreshing taste that springs from Martini Dry's unique blend of fine wines and herbs...

Well, the whole thing would be just too much to bear.

MARTINI Extra Dry. The right one. Just by itself.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

After working in the same office for thirty years a man had a retirement party thrown for him. The general manager, sales manager and office manager were pompously present. The embarrassing speeches ended and the man was called upon to respond with a few words. Looking solemn, he gently put a hand on his boss's arm and gestured meekly toward the general manager and sales manager. Bowing his head slightly he intoned: 'I can honestly say that before I go to sleep every night I think warmly of what these three gentlemen represent. They represent all that I could wish for.'
There were radiant smiles from the beneficiaries, silence from the other guests. 'They are indeed,' he continued, 'all I hold dear: a slippery cunt and a pair of big tits.'

A girl walking in the park was surprised to see two men embracing each other.
'Are you two brothers?' she asked.
'Heavens no,' replied the first man, 'we're not even religious.'

On their first date a boy drove his girlfriend to the edge of town and parked, but when he put his hand on her breast she got out of the car in a huff and walked home. 'Dear Diary,' she wrote later, 'a girl's best friends are her legs.'
On their second date the boy drove into the country but when he slipped his hand under her skirt, she again jumped out of the car and headed home. 'Dear Diary,' she wrote 'I repeat, a girl's best friends are her legs.'
However, that incident blew over too and on their next date the boy drove all the way to the next county. 'Dear Diary,' the girl wrote some hours later, 'there comes a time when even the best of friends must part.'

The innocent young girl came home very worried. 'What's the matter dear?' asked her mother.
'In biology today we learned that a baby comes out of the same place that the boy's penis goes in. Is that true?'
'Yes it is. But why are you so worried?'
'It's just that Freddie and I went out a few months ago and . . . Well, I'm just worried in case his baby knocks out some of my teeth when he's born.'

Paddy was trapped in a bog and seemed a goner when Big Joe Reilly walked by.
'Help,' shouted Paddy, 'Oi'm sinking.'
'Oi'm the strongest man in all of Ireland,' reassured Big Joe. 'Oi'll pull you out.' Big Joe leaned over and grabbed Paddy by the arms and pulled and pulled but to no avail. He tried a second and third time, but still with no results.
'Oi'm the strongest man in all of Ireland,' said Big Joe Reilly, 'and Oi can't lift you out. Oi'll go and see if Oi can get some help.'
'Wait, wait, don't leave me,' shouted Paddy, 'will it help if Oi take my feet out of the stirrups?'

An Englishman was making his way to the aircraft for his return flight home after a short holiday in Paris when he spotted what was obviously a blind man approaching the same plane. The traveller offered his assistance.
'Thank you,' came the reply, 'but I know my way around this aircraft. I'm the pilot.'
Astounded, the holiday-maker asked him how on earth he managed to fly.
'Oh, that's easy,' replied the blind man, 'all the instruments are in Braille.'
'Yes, but what about taking-off?' enquired the man.
'That's simple,' replied the pilot, 'the control tower guides me to the end of the runway, then when we're ready to take-off I rev the engines up as much as I can and proceed down the runway. Then when I hear the passengers shout "Jesus Christ" I take off.'

Three vicars, on a tour of the United States, arrived at Washington's Dulles Airport to fly to Pittsburgh. One of them offered to book the tickets and get some change so they could phone ahead to arrange for someone to meet them. The volunteer found the booking desk manned by a very busty blonde, wearing a nearly-transparent blouse. Slightly taken aback by this vision of loveliness he blurted out: 'Three pickets to Titts-burgh please,' and realising his mistake, blushed and returned to his friends dazed and confused. The second vicar said he would book the tickets. Approaching the girl, with great care he said: 'Three tickets to Pittsburgh and can I have the change in nipples and dimes?' Wishing that the ground would open and swallow him he, too, returned to the others.
'Leave it to me,' said the third vicar, who strode up to the desk. 'Three tickets to Pittsburgh, please, and can I have the change in nickels and dimes?' The girl gave him the tickets and change and as he turned away in triumph, he added: 'You know young lady, your dress is disgraceful. When you get to Heaven St Finger will wag his peter at you . . .'

'Mum, guess what I saw Daddy and the au pair doing on the bed,' said the little boy excitedly.
'Hush,' said the mother, 'hmmm . . . wait, tell me when I next ask you.'
Later that day at the supper table with all the family around, the mother asked the boy to tell her what he was going to tell her earlier that day.
'Well mum,' said the boy, 'it's nothing really; just that I saw Dad and the au pair on the bed together doing exactly what you were doing with Uncle Fred last summer when Dad went fishing.'

Oh, what shall we do about Jill?
The worry is making me ill.
Her sexual habits
Resemble a rabbit's
– Thank God they invented the pill.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes' Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

As a band, Genesis strive for perfection. Second best just isn't good enough (as you'll appreciate if you've seen them performing live).

But even they were impressed by the performance of our new Slimline range.

In fact, they all agreed it's as close to perfection as you can hope to get this side of paradise. Perfection being, in our terms, the creation of pure, unadulterated sound.

Without exaggeration, we can claim that our Slimline range produces sound reproduction of an accuracy once thought impossible.

So, if you're in the mood for revelations, let's take Slimline from the top.

The ST-9030 FM Stereo Tuner

This is the first FM tuner to render a square wave faithfully. In other words, to produce perfect waveform fidelity.

Tuning is servo-locked to provide reception as steady as a rock.

And a little Technics invention called the Pilot Signal Cancel Circuit reduces high frequency distortion to a minimum.

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The Dogger Bank Blunder

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vensky, not unnaturally, now became convinced that something really was afoot. The Admiral's suspicions were confirmed an hour later, when flares were sighted ahead of the force, the outline of warships appeared on the horizon and small craft (presumably the *Kamchatka's* attackers) were found to be in amongst the battleships. The signals, 'Action Stations', then, 'Engage the Enemy' were sent out and fire was directed at the warships and small craft for between ten and 20 minutes. The engagement ended when the 'enemy' warships on the horizon signalled that they were Russian and when it gradually dawned on Rozhestvensky and his cohorts that the torpedo boats were fishing trawlers. The warships were the cruisers *Dimitrii Donskoi* and *Aurora* (some 50 miles off their intended position); both had suffered damage, a gunner had been injured and Chaplain Afanasy of the *Aurora* had been killed. The trawlers were not Japanese either.

Part of the Hull fishing fleet, they had suddenly found themselves looking down the muzzles of the battleships' guns, barely 100 yards away. The trawler *Crane* had been sunk, its entire crew (except one boy) injured and George Smith and John Leggett killed. Of the other vessels in the fleet, the *Gull Moulmein, Mino* and *Alpha* were all seriously damaged.

Rozhestvensky and his battleships sailed on, still unsure of whether the attack had been real or just another one of their monstrous gaffes. Meanwhile, the trawlers limped back to Hull, the two headless corpses, shattered vessels and wounded fishermen substantiating their claims of unprovoked aggression. The behaviour of the Russians was made to appear all the more callous by the absence of any offer of assistance at a disaster of their own making. By the time the trawlers had reached port on the Sunday evening, Rozhestvensky had re-coaled in the English Channel and had been continuing his voyage into the Atlantic for five hours. Upon hearing news of the 'dastardly outrage' (King Edward VII's own view of the incident), Britain went into paroxysms of rage. The demand for revenge was made all the more forceful by an already existing popular support for Japan and the ironic coincidence that the incident occurred on the 99th anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar. The Russian Ambassador, Count Benckendorff, was nearly mobbed at Victoria Station, while the streets of London filled with demonstrators.

As the public railed, the telegraph wires hummed with the politicians and monarchs of the two nations seeking to unravel the mess. The British immediately adopted the role of the wounded party, while the Russians' position as accused was made all the more untenable by the one-sidedness of the evidence, Rozhestvensky being at sea, somewhere between Brest and Vigo. Lord Lansdowne, the British Foreign Secretary, and Sir Charles Hardinge, the British Ambassador in St Petersburg, pressed for an admission by the Russians of culpability, punishment of the guilty officers and reparations for the injured parties. Understandably, the Russians were loathe to admit anything that could be interpreted as a plea of guilty. In an attempt to defuse an increasingly explosive situation, the Tsar wrote to King Edward. 'Through foreign source have heard of sad incident in North Sea. Deplore loss of lives of innocent fishermen. Our fleet being at sea I have not yet received any direct information from Admiral. Having had many warnings that Japanese were lurking (in) fishing smacks and other vessels for purpose of destroying our Squadron on its way out, great precautions were ordered to be taken, especially by night, whenever any vessels or boat in sight. Trust no complications will arise between our countries owing to this occurrence. Best love, Nicky.'

But complications did arise, with Russian diplomatic vagueness inadequate to calm British demands that grew increasingly more assertive. The Foreign Office wanted to stop Rozhestvensky's mission until the incident had been suitably investigated and if diplomacy could not persuade St Petersburg to halt the squadron, then, perhaps, the Royal Navy might succeed. On the evening of October 24 orders for

turn to page 82

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The Dogger Bank Blunder

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'mutual support and co-operation' were issued by the Admiralty to the Mediterranean, Channel and Home Fleets, thus putting the entire Royal Navy forces in European waters on a war footing. Against Rozhestvensky's naval version of Fred Karno's Army, the most powerful navy in the world began to turn its attentions. As a correspondent to *The Times* succinctly wrote, Rozhestvensky was 'the ham of a strategic sandwich'. And the bread was very thick, with eight battleships and four cruisers of the Home Fleet moving down from Scotland blocking off any return to the Baltic, whilst the Channel and Mediterranean Fleets waited at Gibraltar for the word from Whitehall. By the evening of the 26th there were already 28 battleships with more on the way and scores of smaller ships poised to crush the Second Pacific Squadron, still 17,500 miles short of its objective.

The diplomats carried on talking, but requests had become demands and threats were no longer veiled. Whilst the Russians delayed and the British sharpened their cutlasses the central character in the whole affair emerged from the Bay of Biscay and put into Vigo in North Spain, blissfully unaware of the hornets' nest he had stirred up. But Rozhestvensky was in no mood to be a sacrifice to appease the gods of diplomacy. Uncharacteristically employing the military axiom of attack being the best form of defence, he sent an astonishing telegram to the Admiralty in St Petersburg. In his report Rozhestvensky claimed that there *were* torpedo boats in amongst the British trawlers and, therefore, any injury to both fishermen and their vessels was their own fault owing to their obvious complicity in the attack. The Admiral's version of the incident turned the entire diplomatic debate on its head. Now St Petersburg berated London about its acts of unprovoked aggression with Hardinge hauled over the coals by Count Lamsdorff, the Russian Foreign Minister. So stormy was this interview that Hardinge was of the opinion that following Lamsdorff's words, there was a fifty-fifty chance of war. In the light of the worsening relations, the Admiralty telegraphed Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, in command of the Channel Fleet, that, diplomatic communications having all but broken down, he should be prepared to 'stop the Baltic Fleet, by persuasion if possible, but by force if necessary.'

Suddenly tempers cooled, literally overnight, and a compromise was agreed, only a matter of hours before Prime Minister Balfour was due to make a speech at Southampton that had threatened to become a platform for a declaration of war. With war staring them in the face Britain and Russia realized that the issues involved did not warrant full-scale war. Ten years later, such common sense was not to be shown by Europe's diplomats.

The affair was not over yet, for with neither country willing to go to war, Britain could afford to emphasise to Russia just how lucky it had been in avoiding a contest with the might of the British Empire. Hardinge 'administered a very severe scolding' to Lamsdorff, whilst Balfour could not resist the temptation to insult, threaten and castigate Russia in his speech at Southampton, although the heat had definitely been taken out of the situation.

In spite of all this British bombast, the Russians managed to break the agreement without any effective British objection. The Russians had agreed to British demands that the ships and officers involved in the incident would remain in Vigo pending the inquiry but Rozhestvensky left a token four junior officers to answer the charges and sailed away. At first the British Government toyed with the idea of bringing him back. As the ramshackle squadron chugged towards Tangiers, they were shadowed by some of Beresford's cruisers, HMS *Suffolk, Endymion, Theseus, Hermes* and *Lancaster*. Although sorely tempted to force Rozhestvensky to turn back, Lansdowne recognised that he was well rid of the Second Pacific Squadron, it being a diplomatic embarrassment whilst it remained in European waters.

The Declaration of St Petersburg, signed on November 25, 1904 formally ended the diplomatic argument between the two nations, with both Great Britain and Russia agreeing to accept the findings of an international commission of inquiry. But that was where the compromise ended. When the commission finally met at the Quai d'Orsay in Paris in December both sides stuck firmly to their own version of the affair, completely unimpressed by the evidence presented by their opposite number. The whole matter might have sunk a weight of boring legal quibbles but for several farcical elements in the inquiry. Admiral Kazanov, the first Russian commissioner appointed, was so senile that he was totally incapable of remembering anyone's name and was, therefore, replaced. Meanwhile one of the Russians' chief naval witnesses indulged himself so greatly in the pleasures of Paris that he was sent home in disgrace.

Once in the court room, the Russian problems seemed just as awkward. Their legal expert, Baron M de Taube, was more than a little disheartened to receive a report from Peter Rachovsky, the head of Russian secret police in Paris, that there were no torpedo boats in the North Sea and that reports of Japanese activities in Europe were the fiction of a former anarchist agent, attempting to justify his expense account. Their trusted and expensive intelligence system having been exposed as worthless, the Russians were reduced to more menial methods of obtaining favourable evidence; Scotland Yard discovered two 'agents' who had been paid £2 to persuade a trawlerman that he really had seen torpedo boats, after all.

Inevitably, the commission's findings were an obvious compromise, designed to ensure harmony between the nations and offend neither. Rozhestvensky was blamed for the incident but excused punishment owing to extenuating circumstances (namely the misleading intelligence reports) and Russia paid £65,000 in reparations.

At the announcement of the commission's decision, there were murmurs of a sell-out by aggrieved press and public opinion in both Great Britain and Russia but these soon died out with the reports of more recent news, such as the Russian surrender of Port Arthur on New Year's Day 1905 and the annihilation of its intended rescuers, the Second Pacific Squandron, at the battle of Tsushima on May 27, 1905, some five months after the fall of Rozhestvensky's destination.

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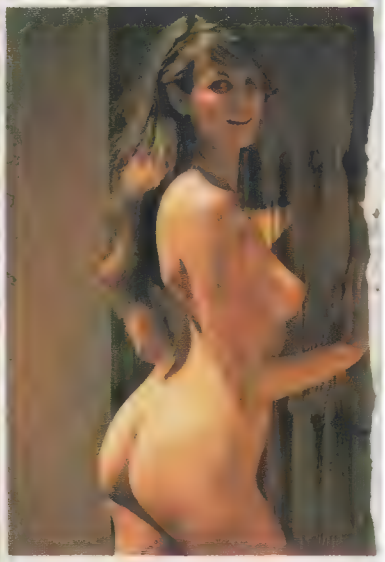
ANNABELLE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

Over the years, our photo-sets have featured girls from all professions and walks of life. Secretaries, university graduates, shopgirls and film and tele-birds have all appeared in our pages, but never until now have we had a geneticist – for that's 24-year-old Annabelle Gage's profession.



When she was 21, Annabelle obtained a degree in biology at a northern redbrick university and then spent a further two years working in the field of genetic research in order to better her degree. Now 24, Annabelle's taking a well-earned break from matters academical before deciding whether to return to more research work or perhaps do some teaching. 'This modelling work is my version of sowing some wild oats,' smiles Annabelle. 'It seemed like a fun thing to try having been closeted away in a laboratory for something like six years. I'm not sure it's something I'd want to do on a regular basis, but it's been an experience!'

Away from a starched white laboratory coat, Annabelle's 36–22–35 can generally be found encased in jeans of the blue denim variety. 'I hope nobody would accuse me of being a frumpy academic,' she smiles, 'and I'm no mad scientist either, despite all these great rumours that are going on at the moment about cloning. Cloning *is* theoretically possible in humans, but the ethical and moral questions it raises are enormous. I believe I'm right in saying that the only cloning work that at present has been carried out has been to do with frogs. What is cloning? At its most simple, the reproduction of an exact living replica of the donor "built up" from a single tissue cell taken from the donor.' Annabelle smiles. 'Very Frankensteinish, but it's something with which we may well have to come to terms before too long.' We'd much rather come to terms with Annabelle.

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QUEST

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Volume Ten

Even today, when one in four marriages is destined to failure and in eighty per cent of cases it is the woman who leaves the man, divorce can be a highly traumatic event for a woman. Nowhere is this more obvious than when she tries to resume a normal sex life as a single person. This month Quest examines the effects of separation and divorce on female sexuality. One clear lesson seems to be that the woman who finds herself alone can be as sexually vulnerable and uncertain as she was before she lost her virginity. While not preventing an active sex life, it creates emotional problems the male would do well to understand.

INTRODUCTION

This month Quest examines the effects of separation and divorce on the sex lives of women. In the majority of cases it appeared that the event was as traumatic and involved as great a change in attitude as an initial sex act. The loss of a regular partner – however unsatisfactory – prompted a profound reassessment of individual sexuality and invariably led to a change of sexual habits.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Garment Worker, 24 years old, dark haired, town of origin Liverpool**

After leaving school at the age of 16, this interviewee had moved to London with her sister with whom she shared a flat. Her marriage, at the age of 20, had ended in divorce two years later. She was now living with a boyfriend.

Quest: What would you say was the worst part of being separated?

Worker: The sex, no doubt of it.

Quest: You mean doing without?

Worker: Oh no, I'd got over that months before. I think Tony – my husband – and I did it about three times in the last year we were together. Shows how close we were. No, it wasn't *not* getting sex, it was trying to avoid it altogether. It was bad enough at work when I was married – the blokes I work with seem to think a newly married girl is getting so much bed she needs extra; and when they found out I was separated it was impossible because obviously I must be screaming for it then. I just wanted to be left alone.

Quest: Could you have just said no?

Worker: Oh come on; I didn't want to be a hermit. I'd spent two years sitting at home in front of the telly waiting for Tony to turn up. I wanted to get out and meet people, be myself again. It's extraordinary; in two years you forget how to talk to other men. I felt about sixteen all over again. I wanted to go slowly; Maurice, the man I'm with now, was the only one who let me. All the others were like Tony, all mouth and trousers. Trying to sound flash and thinking you'll be grateful if they lash out ten quid on a night out. And as soon as you do have a quick tumble they're away after the next bird.

Quest: Tony was like that?

Worker: Oh I didn't think so at first; he was five years older than me, very smooth – a cabbie, can you imagine? A bit wild with his mates, but who isn't? Determined to settle down and make a go of things. I'd only been out with kids my own age before; he really seemed like something special. And he was good in bed – at least the best I'd ever had. For two months after the wedding we did nothing but screw; it was incredible. But then after two months it just fizzled out – I spent months worrying what I'd done and only then I found out

QUEST

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Quest represents an invaluable insight into female sexuality. Past surveys have covered a wide variety of subjects under this heading, a choice of which is still available in back numbers.

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he'd been knocking off some wages girl at his head office.

Quest: How did the separation take place?

Worker: I'd shared a flat with my sister before Tony and I got the garden flat, and her new flat mate was moving out, so I went straight round to Barb's. That was lucky, I suppose. Barb and I have always been good mates – she's a year older than me, so I wasn't on my own.

Quest: Did your sister help you to resume a proper social life?

Worker: Well, you could say that. You see, Barb's always been the wild one in the family. I think we're both not bad lookers, but she's taller than me and she's really got a tremendous figure – where I need a bra on my little boobs, Barb's half my size again and she really doesn't need one. God, I envied her when I was younger. But you can't get annoyed with her; she's such a laugh, she'd do anything for a joke. That's the trouble.

Quest: In what way?

Worker: Oh I think I had a kind of moderating influence when we first came to London. I mean, the blokes are always round Barb and she loves it; but the men she went out with were dreadful. She really does take risks. I knew she'd been having a pretty wild time while I'd been with Tony, but she surprised even me.

Quest: How did she do that?

Worker: I'd been staying with her for a fortnight and hardly going out – I didn't want to – I felt numbed. And it came round to Saturday night and Barb was going to a party; she wasn't going with anyone and she insisted that I came along, to get out of myself, which I did need. I still wasn't too happy but it did make me feel better to make myself presentable. Anyway we ended up in some flat near the river – a tiny little place, absolutely packed; and met these two blokes. Around thirtyish; too flash for my taste and pretty obviously married. Sexually they meant nothing to me, but they were funny. And they drove us home. Barb was in the back seat and practically raping one of the guys. I was in the front with the quieter one, wondering how to get rid of him. So they came inside, supposedly for coffee, though Barb immediately found some old wine. The music was on, and Barb was obviously getting very amorous with her guy – I didn't mind enormously; we had separate bedrooms. But my fellow was getting a bit of a pain. By now everyone was plastered, and I started to feel whoozy; so I went off to the bathroom. I don't know how long I was in there. It didn't seem long, but when I came back I couldn't believe it.

Quest: What did you see?

Worker: The lounge looked empty: the music had stopped and only a tiny side-light was on. For a moment I thought everyone had gone. Then I came round the end of the sofa and there was this loud groan, and I saw them. Barb right down in the sofa with her skirt round her waist, naked from the waist up with her bra round her neck; her hair all over the place, moaning, with her legs wrapped round her guy. He hadn't even taken his shirt off, and his pants and his trousers were still round his knees. But he was humping away like billy-ho. So I gasped out loud, and immediately he lifts his head all red-faced and grinning, and says, 'Hello sis.' And then he pulled out of Barb – I could hear it and she gasped – and he jerked round, holding up his erection and said, 'Fancy a bit do you love? We'll swap over in a minute.' Then Barb moaned again and twisted forward, grabbed his prick and stuck it in her mouth. The bloke grinned and said, 'Christ, she's a little goer, isn't she?' I couldn't believe it. I ran into my bedroom and there was the other fellow, stepping out of his trousers. He'd even pulled back the sheets of my bed. I screamed, 'What the bloody hell are you doing?' He just laughed. He said, 'Come on, love, I hear you haven't been having much lately.' That was it. I went berserk. I chucked him out; I got into a screaming row with Barb, and her bloke pushed off. We didn't speak to each other for a week. I nearly moved out. God it was awful. I never wanted to speak to another man again.

Quest: But you did?

Worker: Yes, Maurice.

Quest: What attracted you to him?

Worker: It sounds terrible, but it was because he didn't bother me.

Quest: You weren't physically attracted?

Worker: I was attracted, but not in the gut way I felt with Tony – that feeling is so false. Maurice was cuddly, reassuring. He came to work for us as a cutter – he was in his mid-thirties, though he looks younger. And we always had a laugh together and I suppose I joked about what happened to me. Then he had some tickets for some show and we went out. But not as a boy-girl thing; we were just friends. And I found out he was divorced too – his wife had their kid – I'd never known before. And we spent the night at my place.

Quest: You had sex?

Worker: No, that was the ridiculous thing. We were just talking and he missed his train – I know it sounds a line – but I offered to let him stay and it seemed stupid to stay on the sofa. So he shared the bed, and we slept together. That was all.

Quest: Didn't you think it odd he didn't make a pass?

Worker: Oh he wasn't unmoved; when you cuddle up to someone you can't exactly avoid a full-sized erection, even through Y-fronts. But I really needed someone to just hold me and cuddle me in the way Tony hadn't done; I was just grateful for that. And in the end it was me who started it.

Quest: You made a pass at him?

Worker: One morning; I felt so warm and nice. Sometimes we had a quick cuddle before we got up, and I suppose I'd pull away, but this time I didn't; I did pull away but it was only to slip my pyjama top over my head. Maurice was gorgeous; he lifted back the sheet to look at me and he was like a kid with a new toy. He said, 'You've got the most unbelievable breasts I've ever seen.' He wouldn't leave them alone; he was caressing and kissing and sucking

them; I nearly had my climax right there. It felt so fantastic, especially after Barb was always flashing her marvellous pair. I wanted him so much. I really wanted to give myself; it wasn't like with Tony, when we'd been like tigers, just grabbing at each other, really being selfish. It was loving and gentle, though it quickly warmed up. Even then he was considerate; he was on top of me and I could feel the weight of his prick nudging me and it was all I could do to stop grabbing him, and he said, 'Is it all right? Do I need to put anything on?' Of course I was still on the pill, but then I did grab him and we started. God, we humped so beautifully.

Quest: So now you're happy again?

Worker: I'm happy for the first time. It's great. You need to be so strong when a marriage falls apart like that.

Quest: Will you marry?

Worker: Both of us are a bit chary about it. I'd like kids eventually; perhaps then.

Quest: Thank you.

Two **Teacher, 28 years of age, single, town of origin Bolton**

This – male – interviewee left home after attending teacher training college to take up a posting in a large urban comprehensive. He shares a small house with two colleagues.

Quest: From what you've been telling me, I gather the events you're about to describe took place a couple of years back.

Teacher: Slightly more in fact. I was only just 26 at the time. Phyllis was nearly 40.

Quest: A classic case of older woman/younger man?

Teacher: I don't think so in fact. I don't think it would have made much difference to her had I been 26, 36, 46 or 56.

Quest: Why not?

Teacher: Because she seemed so desperate for sex and I was, or she told me I was, the first reasonably presentable man she'd met in the year following her divorce.

Quest: How did you first meet?

Teacher: She came to a PTA meeting at school. I taught her son at the time. He was 14. I can remember noticing that she was a very striking woman. I mean she *looks* her age, but she's one of those women that seem to look better the older they get. She's quite tall, blonde and with a really superb figure. Not that she dressed to flaunt it or anything, but you didn't need X-ray eyes to realise that her boobs were on the large side. I'd wanted to make a point of talking to her because her son, John, was quite a bright kid who was just about to go into his O-level year. I wanted to talk to her about that. All the parents and teachers had these little badges on their clothes with their names written on them, so when I realised that this woman was John's mother I introduced myself to her.

Quest: What was your first impression?

Teacher: She was quietly spoken and seemed a bit shy. We talked for ten minutes or so about her son's progress and then I said something to the effect of being sorry not to have had the opportunity of meeting her husband. That's when it came out that she was divorced. I muttered the usual polite social nothings that one tends to do on these occasions, but I was thinking that hubby must have had a pretty good reason for leaving her.

Quest: What made you think *he* left *her?*

Teacher: Heaven knows. Natural reaction or something. As it happens I was wrong; she'd left him. From what I gathered later he was a bit of a sod. Not unfaithful, or anything, but he used to give her a bad time. She was never too specific, but from what I understood he was in the habit of knocking her about a bit.

Quest: Were you attracted to her?

Teacher: Sort of. She's a very attractive woman.

Quest: Could you tell whether she was attracted to you?

Teacher: If she was, she didn't give any outward sign. After that bit about the divorce had come up, we chatted about this and that for a few more moments and then I had to circulate. She told me though that she had two other children – both daughters – one older than John and one younger.

Quest: Did you talk to her again during the evening?

Teacher: Yes, but only briefly.

Quest: Too briefly for any advance?

Teacher: This was a PTA meeting, not an orgy! I couldn't have chatted her up in a million years.

Quest: Yet you had a mind to?

Teacher: In a vague sort of way, yes.

Quest: So how did you go about it?

Teacher: I didn't make any kind of conscious effort to manufacture another meeting. I just thought to myself that if we were to meet again in different circumstances I'd try my luck.

Quest: I presume this opportunity must have eventually arisen. What happened?

Teacher: It was the end of the summer term. End of the school year and all that. It's traditional at our place that on the last day the teachers put on some sort of entertainment for the kids with a party afterwards. Not some great rave-up you understand; it's all over by the early evening. Anyway it's all quite fun. The kids get stuck into their Coke and buns, and we generally have a bottle or two of the hard stuff hidden away for our use. I left at about six-thirty feeling quite happy with life and looking forward to the summer break. I had this girlfriend and we were planning to go on a camping holiday on the Continent, so everything seemed pretty jolly. I was driving along when I saw this boy John waiting for a bus. Normally I'd have just maybe given him a toot on the horn and gone on, but because I was feeling feelings of cheer and goodwill I pulled up and offered him a lift. Not, to answer your next question, because I fancied seeing his mother again – I'd have stopped for any other member of my class at that particular moment. He lived a bit out of my way, to tell you the truth, but I wasn't too fussed. When we pulled up, he asked if I'd like a cup of tea or something, and *then* I remembered about his mum and followed him in. As you can imagine, Phyllis was surprised to see me, but John explained that I'd run him home, so she thanked me and took me into the kitchen while she put on some tea. John disappeared somewhere, but although I could hear her two girls playing somewhere upstairs, we were alone. We chatted about John's work and I asked what her plans were for the holidays, meaning was she taking the kids anywhere. She told me that they always spent the first two weeks of the school holidays with their father and confided, in a rather embarrassed way, that she didn't much relish the prospect of being alone. I said something like perhaps I could buy her a drink sometime and she replied that she hoped I wasn't making the offer because I felt sorry for her. I told her I enjoyed her company and she smiled and said she'd love to.

Quest: When did you see her then?

Teacher: We made a date for a couple of days later when the kids had gone. I picked her up and we drove to this pub in the country. It was a great evening. She became quite free with information about herself – like the part-time job she had. I asked her what her social life was like; I was genuinely curious. She told me that with three kids to look after, it was pretty non-existent. She laughed and said, 'Anyway, who'd look at someone my age?' I replied that I would for a start. I told her I thought she was a very attractive woman. She gave me this funny little look and half-smiled. I think that was the moment I knew we'd go to bed. You can tell, can't you?

Quest: Did you sleep with her that night?

Teacher: Yes. We were both quite thoughtful as I drove her back, but when we arrived, she asked me in. She got us more drinks and sat beside me on this settee in her front room. She asked me if I'd meant it when I'd said I found her attractive and the only way I felt I could show I had meant it was to kiss her.

Quest: She responded?

Teacher: It was like uncorking a bottle of champagne. It was a sort of sexual explosion. We kissed long and hard and then she pulled away and said, 'I haven't, you know, for quite a long time. I want to do it now. You *do* want to do it too, don't you?' I pulled her back on to me. I had my hand up her skirt and was thrilled beyond belief that she was wearing stockings. She was like a living erotic fantasy. We never got as far as the bedroom. We did it on the floor. I remember seeing her boobs for the first time. I could tell she was a bit self-conscious about their size, keeping her arms folded over them once I'd got her blouse and bra off. They were magnificent. There's no other description. Very full and heavy with quite small nipples. I started nibbling them and she gave this shudder and started fumbling away at my pants. My jacket and shirt were off and she was basically nude from the waist up, but still with her skirt and pants on. She managed to get me out and gave this little sigh before making her mouth into an O and rubbing it over my knob. I got her skirt and pants down in one to leave her with just her stockings. She had this big thick bush. I positioned myself on top of her and thrust myself into her. She was moaning, 'God, I've wanted

1 Yourself

First, we need to collect some information about your basic characteristics. Please read each question carefully and tick the box against each of your own characteristics. First, answer the questions in the box, giving your sex, weight and age.

Your sex (M or F) ☐☐ Your approximate weight ☐☐ Your age ☐☐

Instructions for completing section one:

Place a tick in the box against the characteristics which apply to you.

Marital Status

Single	1	☐
Widow Widower	2	☐
Separated	3	☐
Divorced	4	☐

Skin and hair colouring typical of:

Central or Northern European	5	☐
Southern European or Latin	6	☐
Chinese, Japanese or Oriental	7	☐
Indian, Pakistani or Asian	8	☐
African or Amencan Negro	9	☐

Height

Less than 5'0"	10	☐
5'0" - 5'4"	11	☐
5'4" – 5'6"	12	☐
5'6" - 5'9"	13	☐
5'6" 6'0"	14	☐
6'0" – or over	15	☐

Build

Heavy build	16	☐
Medium build	17	☐
Light build	18	☐

How physically attractive are you?

Not attractive	19	☐
Attractive	20	☐
Very attractive	21	☐

Smoking

Regularly	22	☐
Occasionally	23	☐
Never	24	☐

Drinking

Regularly	25	☐
Occasionally	26	☐
Never	27	☐

Educational experience

No GCE or CSE	28	☐
GCE 'O' level, GSC or Matric	29	☐
GCE 'A' level or OND	30	☐
Higher School Cert. or HNC	31	☐
University Degree	32	☐
Technical or Professional Qualification	33	☐

Specify:

Public school	39	☐
Grammar school	35	☐
Comprehensive school	36	☐
Secondary Modern or Technical school	37	☐
Other	38	☐

Specify:

Please write your occupation here:

Religion

Church of England Protestant	39	☐
No religious convictions	40	☐
Roman Catholic	41	☐
Jewish	42	☐
Atheist or Humanist	43	☐
Other major religous group	44	☐

Specify:

Politics

Left wing	45	☐
Centre	46	☐
Right wing	47	☐
Not interested in Politics	48	☐

2 What kind of people do you want to meet?

We would like to know which characteristics you would normally look for in someone you want to meet. Look at the list below and write a 1 (one) in the box against each characteristic you usually look for. If you are not sure, or do not mind either way, leave the box blank. If you are quite certain you do *not* want to meet people with a particular characteristic, write a 0 (nought) in the box.

I am only prepared to meet people between: ☐☐ MIN AGE and ☐☐ MAX AGE

PLEASE REMEMBER THAT EVERY 0 (NOUGHT) YOU WRITE WILL PREVENT YOU FROM MEETING PEOPLE WITH THAT PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTIC

Marital Status

Single	49	☐
Widow Widower	50	☐
Separated	51	☐
Divorced	52	☐

Skin and hair colouring typical of:

Central or Northern European	53	☐
Southern European or Latin	54	☐
Chinese, Japanese or Oriental	55	☐
Indian, Pakistani or Asian	56	☐
African or American Negro	57	☐

Height

Less than 5'0"	58	☐
5'0" 5'4"	59	☐
5'4" 5'6"	60	☐
5'6" – 5'9"	61	☐
5'6" - 6'0"	62	☐
6'0" or over	63	☐

Build

Heavy build	64	☐
Medium build	65	☐
Light build	66	☐

How attractive are you?

Not attractive	67	☐
Attractive	68	☐
Very attractive	69	☐

Smoking

Regularly	70	☐
Occasionally	71	☐
Never	72	☐

Drinking

Regularly	73	☐
Occasionally	74	☐
Never	75	☐

Religion

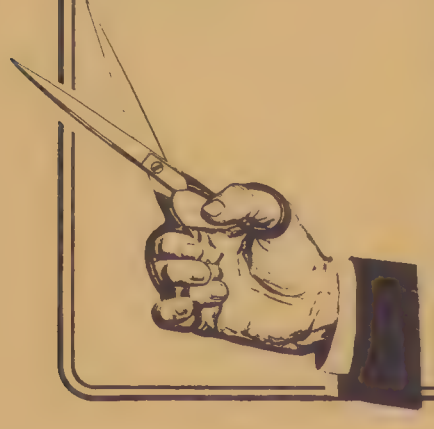
Church of England Protestant	76	☐
No religious convictions	77	☐
Roman Catholic	78	☐
Jewish	79	☐
Atheist or Humanist	80	☐
Other major religous group	81	☐

Politics

Left wing	82	☐
Centre	83	☐
Right wing	84	☐
Not interested in Politics	85	☐

How do you choose friends?

Place a tick (✓) in the box next to the choice you prefer:



Do you prefer

a) people who share completely your most important attitudes and beliefs? **86** ☐

OR

b) people who may have many attitudes and beliefs which are different from your own? **87** ☐

Do you prefer

a) people who have the same hobbies and interests as yourself, and would be willing to participate actively in them? **88** ☐

OR

people who will be interested in your own hobbies and interests, but may not necessarily want to share in them actively with you? **89** ☐

Do you prefer

a) people who are your intellectual equals? **90** ☐

b) people more intellectual than yourself? **91** ☐

c) people less intellectual than yourself? **92** ☐

Do you prefer

a) people who are more likely than you to take the initiative socially? **93** ☐

OR *b)* people who are less likely than you to take the initiative socially? **94** ☐

Do you prefer

a) people who are committed to a particular religious faith? **95** ☐

OR *a)* people who do not regard themselves as having a definite religious commitment **96** ☐

Do you prefer

a) people who enjoy taking risks? **97** ☐

OR

b) people who are careful to avoid risks **98** ☐

Do you prefer

a) a small group of close friends **99** ☐

OR

b) a wide circle of less intimate acquaintances **100** ☐

Dateline

Please turn over

3 Personality

This section deals with personality, to help us choose for you only those people with whom you are most likely to be compatible. Please tell us how you see yourself, and also mark the activities and interests you enjoy.

How you see yourself?

People change their view of themselves from time to time, and in different ways. For example, how often do you see yourself as an impulsive person?

Most of the time? Sometimes? Never? Look at the list of words set out below, and consider each one carefully. Place a tick in the appropriate box to show how often you see yourself as someone whom that word would describe.

	MOST OF THE TIME ▶	SOMETIMES ▶	NEVER ▶
101 secure			
102 generous			
103 self-confident			
104 considerate			
105 patient			
106 ambitious			
107 friendly			
108 tolerant			
109 demanding			

	MOST OF THE TIME ▶	SOMETIMES ▶	NEVER ▶
110 anxious			
111 sensitive			
112 quick-tempered			
113 obstinate			
114 lonely			
115 emotional			
116 moody			
117 shy			
118 detached			

	MOST OF THE TIME ▶	SOMETIMES ▶	NEVER ▶
119 secretive			
120 couldn't care less			
121 uneasy			
122 suspicious			
123 unlucky			
124 withdrawn			

Activities and interests

Please indicate which of the following activities and interests you enjoy by placing a '1' (one) in the appropriate box. If you dislike a particular activity, write a '0' (nought) in the box. If you have no particular preference either way, please leave the column blank.

PLEASE ANSWER IN THIS COLUMN

Activities

126 Taking part in team games	
127 Riding, cycling, athletics	
128 Sailing, other water sports	
129 Tennis, squash, golf	
130 Camping, hiking, climbing	
131 Singing, playing music	
132 Community work, politics, committees	
133 Chess, card games	
134 Dancing, discos, parties	
135 Cooking, do-it-yourself	
136 Watching sporting events	
137 Motoring, touring	
138 Art Galleries, museums	
139 Historic buildings	
140 Theatre, Opera, Cinema	
141 Television, reading	
142 Eating out	
143 Listening to records	
144 Gardening	
145 Painting, sculpture, pottery	

Interests

146 Pop music	
147 Fashion	
148 Pubs and clubs	
149 Sport	
150 Pets	
151 Folk music	
152 Jazz	
153 Travelling	
154 Cinema	
155 Good food	
156 Politics	
157 Classical music	
158 Art, Literature	
159 'Live' theatre	
160 Science or technology	
161 Creative writing, painting	
162 Poetry	
163 Psychology, Sociology	
164 History, Architecture	
165 Conversation, debate	

Draw a square on the map to indicate the area you would like your dates to come from.
NOTE: Dateline covers the whole country. We have only marked the major towns as a guide.

The Dateline service

Full membership of Dateline costs you just £35 and provides you with an unlimited number of computer runs during your year's membership. (Less expensive than any other computer dating system in the U.K.)

It's Quick!

As soon as we receive your completed questionnaire we run our computer specially for you and your first results are sent to you BY RETURN OF POST.

Thereafter you can enter as many of our monthly computer runs* as you like at no extra charge. If you move to a new address or wish to alter any of the details you gave us on your questionnaire, let us know. We'll feed in the new information without charge. Also, let us know if you want your profile withdrawn and we'll do it at once.

*We find that nearly every time the computer selects six compatible people in each computer run. Of course if you are too stringent in your requirements, you may get fewer introductions.

How to join

Simple: Just fill in the questionnaire and send it to us. You'll receive your first introductions by return of post. You can pay in two ways - by cheque, postal order, cash (registered only please). Or by credit card which often spreads your payment over longer periods. To use our credit card service just tick the box, fill in your card number and sign below.

I enclose Cash/Cheque/P. Order for £35 ☐ for one years membership and unlimited computer runs.

Or

Please debit my Barclaycard Access American Express Diners Club account for £35.

delete as applicable.

My account number is _____ Signed _____

Rules and Conditions

All information supplied to Dateline International Dating Systems Ltd is accepted as accurate in good faith and will be treated as strictly confidential and will be the basis on which introductions are made. Whilst every endeavour is made to ensure the success of your application, the company can accept no responsibility for the outcome of any meetings or contacts with the people on your list nor guarantee the number of names over a given period. Active membership of Dateline International lasts for one year and may be renewed for a reduced fee. It is the members responsibility to inform Dateline International in writing if they no longer wish their names to be included in computer runs. No liability of any kind can be accepted by any publication in which Dateline International advertises. Dateline International reserves the right to refuse membership to or withdraw membership from, any person who, at its sole discretion it considers unsuitable.

If you would like a FREE colour brochure describing the Dateline service in more detail and a booklet giving a detailed description, with references, of the methods and tests used in the matching process, please send a large stamped addressed envelope to Dateline (Dept B1)

Dateline

Surname _____

First Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

Telephone Number _____

I have answered the questions on this form honestly and truthfully and I agree to be bound by the Rules and Conditions of Membership of Dateline

Signed _____ Date _____

Dateline International 23 Abingdon Road, London W8. Tel: 01-937 6503 Telex: 918064

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Whether you're looking for a permanent partnership, a deeply satisfying friendship, or just for someone to talk to who will share your interests and attitudes. Dateline is for you: It is a completely personal and reliable service which thousands upon thousands of people already use, because when you meet through Dateline you know a good relationship is possible even before a word is spoken.

How do you know? Above all, because there are two sides to every good relationship, and Dateline gets both sides right *before* you meet. First we ask you to fill in the questionnaire, so that you not only describe yourself, but also the sort of people you are looking for. Next we feed this information into our own computer, safely locking your confidential details into its memory banks, until they are needed. Then, at the touch of a button, the computer searches through literally millions of items to find people who are also looking for people like you. They are looking for you — you are looking for them. All we do is bring you together. When you meet at last, both of you know that chance is on your side. And then it's up to you!

We have over 12 years experience in getting the right people together. The unique Dateline matching system has been developed through continual research by psychologists and computer scientists. Only Dateline can offer you this amount of care. So let Dateline help you meet the woman who wants to meet you.

If you fill in this special Mayfair questionnaire you'll get delivered to your home each month a *free* copy of "Singles" magazine for one year. "Singles" has 52 pages packed with useful information and ways of getting the most out of single living.

Complete the questionnaire on these pages carefully and sincerely and send it to Dateline, 23/25 Abingdon Road, London, W8. Telephone: 01-937 6503.

Somewhere there is Someone who is Right for You.

But don't believe us! Read what other people say about the Dateline system.

NO ONE can tell you about Dateline International's success stories as honestly and as well as the people who actually entered our world of computer dating.

So we have selected a few of the many testimonials which have arrived in our post-bags in the *last few weeks* and the following quotations tell it like we hear it.

"A look, a touch, a kiss. So simple, it all seems now. I never knew a computer had such feelings and sensitivity. On my first introduction it was love at first sight . . ."
A. L. Birmingham

"We met through your computer dating system in January and have since formed a happy relationship. We hope to get married early next year. . ."
T. S. Newbury

". . . withdrawn as I have met as many friends as I can cope with."
D. T. Marlow

". . . one of the girls on my print-out is my ideal match."
L. T. Stirling

". . . will be eternally grateful to your computer for matching us together."
D. G. Leeds

this. Make it last for me darling. God that's so fabulous.' She completely took over. She had this great screaming climax.
Quest: Did the relationship progress?
Teacher: While her kids were away, yes, but then, as you can imagine, it got a bit tricky. And I had my own girlfriend of course. We continued seeing each other for about nine months, but then she met another man.
Quest: Were you upset by this?
Teacher: I must admit to initial jealousy, but I knew that there was no real long-term future for us. I met her new boyfriend and he seemed OK, so I was pleased for her.
Quest: Many thanks.

Three **Shop assistant, 34 years old, brunette, town of origin, Mitcham**
This interviewee was married at eighteen and has two children, she separated from her husband some eight months ago.
Quest: What did you miss most, when your marriage broke down?
Assistant: Obvious, isn't it? Need you ask? Apart from the out and out companionship, having another adult around most of the time to talk to, it has to be the sex. I don't mind admitting it. A lot of women wouldn't admit it if they were in my situation, but I feel they would be lying to themselves.
Quest: Why?
Assistant: Oh, I don't know . . . I suppose it's that I've been married sixteen years – sixteen years, think of it. I'd always been faithful to my husband . . . and come to rely on him to satisfy my sexual needs.
Quest: Which are strong?
Assistant: That's the difficult part to comprehend for me. When we first married we used to make love constantly. Obviously over the years it became a less regular occurrence, but I suppose we still made love twice, three times a week.
Quest: And what don't you understand?
Assistant: Just that. Philip used to want to make love even more, and I believed that I had had a low sex threshold . . .
Quest: What does that mean?
Assistant: Just that. It means that I was always under the belief that a woman didn't need sex like a man does. With men it's more animal, instinct if you like. They have an urge and need to have it filled. I thought that the same didn't apply for women. I used to make excuses quite often and put him off when he wanted to take me . . . I used to believe him to be sex-mad.
Quest: And now you've changed your mind?
Assistant: As far as my attitudes to sex are, yes, a little. But as for the breakdown in our marriage, no, I still believe it was the only possibility. Other factors had come into play then. Philip became more and more engrossed in his work; he began staying out later and later and some nights wouldn't even come home. I used to get frantic with worry. Anyway, that's another story, I don't want to bore you with it.
Quest: I'm interested in your attitude, its change. Was the sex with your husband satisfactory?
Assistant: Up until the time that I decided to do something about it – about four months ago – I had nothing to gauge him on. But now . . . It's hard talking about the man you love . . . loved, like that. About how good he was in bed. I had no cause for complaint.
Quest: *Had* seems the operative word. Lovers you have taken since have been more sexually satisfying?
Assistant: I was trying *not* to say it. Well, not so bluntly anyway. But in a nutshell, that's it.
Quest: And why did you decide to take other men to your bed?
Assistant: That's what I've been explaining – or thought I had. It was the terrible emptiness I felt in my life. Philip's friends tended to shun me – it wasn't my fault, the breakdown. No one's really. But I did feel empty.
Quest: Lonely?
Assistant: Yes. My daughters – Tracy's seven and Judy's four – take a lot of looking after, so I'm busy at home morning and night. My job is part-time so I spend all the time I can with the kids. But it's at night that the loneliness really sets in. At night in bed, when you have to get into cold sheets after having a man around for sixteen years to warm them for you. I really began to ache down there. I had a desperate need to feel a man inside me once more. Is that so unusual?
Quest: How did you manage to shake yourself out of this depression?
Assistant: I took the bull by the horns so to speak and advertised.
Quest: In a sex contact magazine?
Assistant: Good gracious no. I wasn't a nympho or a pro. I wanted a genuine liaison with a man – I know it sounds corny but I didn't want to be used, even though I suppose I was using the man, if you get my meaning. I wasn't going to hop into bed with the first man to take me out.
Quest: Did you have a good response?
Assistant: What?
Quest: To your ad.
Assistant: Sorry. I had about sixty replies. A lot were from guys out to get a quick screw and that's all. There were a couple who wrote amusing letters. They're the ones I replied to and that's how I met Neil and Tim.
Quest: Together?
Assistant: Good heavens no. I'm not into kinky sex. Neil came first – literally. But I was really misguided by him.
Quest: What do you mean?
Assistant: I couldn't see it until afterwards, but he was only out for a fuck – pardon my French – and I was too stupid to realise. He wrote this really funny letter in reply to my ad and I phoned him and made arrangements to meet. I'd made arrangements with my mother to take the kids for the weekend, and she'd come and collected them in the morning and dropped them off at school. She lives quite handy for that.
Quest: And how did the evening go?
Assistant: Very nice. We went to a little restaurant in the King's Road and then I asked him to drive me home.
Quest: Was sex on the menu for later?
Assistant: He was quite good looking, drove a nice sporty-type car, and was obviously a ladies man. My real concern was that he may not really be interested in me.
Quest: You are very pretty. Why did you say that?
Assistant: I had no justification in feeling that way really, but it's just like starting out all over again, as if it was my first date. I wanted something to happen and would have been let down so badly if it hadn't. So I had to take steps to lead the way.
Quest: Such as?
Assistant: When we were driving home I put my hand on his leg and squeezed him. And I invited him in for coffee.
Quest: He accepted?
Assistant: Yes. I was in the kitchen making it when he came up behind me and hugged me so really tight and ran his hands over my breasts. I was so heady; all I could hear was the blood running through my own veins and I knew I just had to have him so I turned round and put my arms round him and we kissed. That just made it worse and I was longing for it. I disentangled myself, switched off the kettle and led him to the bedroom, where we fell on the bed kissing and fondling. And when I felt his hot breath on my nipples I nearly passed out. I was moaning something rotten and he was licking at my nipples, nipping them with his teeth and massaging my breasts with his hands at the same time. Next thing I knew his hand was inching its way down to my knickers, and then he broke off and eased my tights and knicks down to my ankles and pulled them off. It was complete abandon and then he went down and started licking at me there. Philip had never done that and I just passed out for a second or two. I woke again and the sensations were building. I remember asking him to stop it and to just come inside me, but he was starting to breathe very heavily himself and the sensations I was experiencing were mind-boggling. I just had orgasm after orgasm. When he eventually stopped and came into me, it was the most beautiful thing that had happened to me for ages.
Quest: How often did you make love?
Assistant: I saw him on about half a dozen other occasions, each time ended in us making love. But each time it got a little less satisfying, and he eventually ditched me, so I wrote off to Tim – I had kept all the letters.
Quest: Are you having sex with him?
Assistant: What do you think? Of course we do. But Tim is different. We really do seem to hit it off together. We've been seeing each other for about two months now and I've asked him if he wants to move in with me as he's in rented accommodation at present. It really would be great having a man around again: and not just for the sex. For the companionship and everything that goes with it. I don't know yet whether that's what he's looking for, whether he wants a permanent relationship with a ready-made family. In fact I'm not sure, quite, if it's what I want either.
Quest: Thank you very much.

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  Black or flesh ... £1.75
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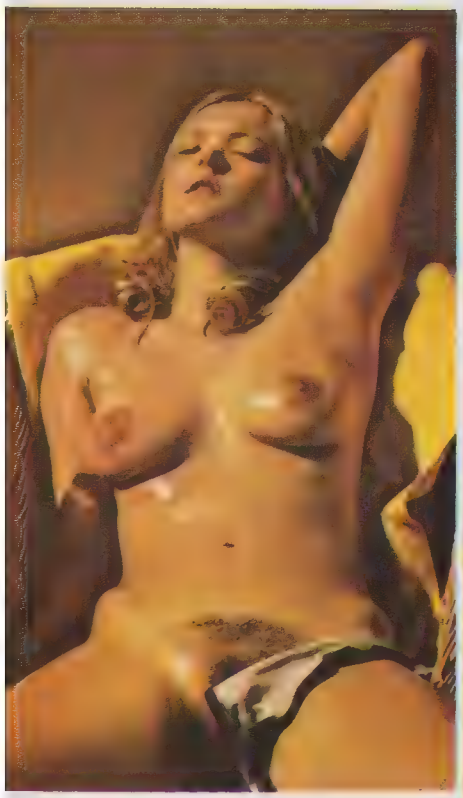
What are coarse fish? Those that are caught with hook, line and worm as opposed to, say, salmon, which are caught with flies. No, not *those* flies and not real ones either. They're fake flies. Actually, it's about as clear as mud to those of us who like our fish in fingers, though the thought of lying on some grassy river bank next to Olive's 36–24–35 as she slings her hook is distinctly appealing. 'You're making fun,' she grins. 'I'll soon put you in your plaice.' Sorry, Olive, you'll have to speak up, we're a bit hard of herring. She ignores the pun. 'Angling,' she announces, 'is one of the most popular participation sports around.' Which is hardly surprising if Olive's part of the fishy fraternity. They must have a whale of a time.



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Mio /7

Stella

continued from page 51

forehead on your crossed arms and lift your delicious bum in the air and I'll enter you very slowly from behind. That way, I can tickle your crack with one hand and trace every inch of your spinal column with the other.' My lips were close to her ear – I'd sat up and turned by then – and Stella made an involuntary move to pull me down to her.

I pushed her away and sat on the edge of the bed and licked her forefinger again.

It's very difficult to describe. Maybe a master sculptor feels as I did, when the last chip of stone falls away from a statue. Or a gambler, when that little scarlet ball hops and stammers round the roulette wheel's wall of death and slots home in the right number.

I saw Stella's hand, stiff and awkward, lying across her stomach. Then she released something between a sniff and a gulp, and the hand moved.

Her skin was naturally sallow, and in semi-darkness, her body was brown. Against the sombre background, her silver-white, frosted nail varnish was startlingly vivid – luminous. Reluctantly, the nail whispered through the springy black thatch. Uncertainly it hovered over the protruding, crinkled folds of her labia. Serpent-swift, I licked the labia and pulled my head out of the way.

Agonisingly slowly, grudgingly, Stella's forefinger touched herself – waited, then traced a quick and clumsy path the length of her slit.

I think she took herself by surprise, my spittle having lubricated her. Stella muttered in the darkness and drew her feet back.

Her knee jarred my chin, but it did not break her concentration. Suddenly I caught on – she was trying to achieve, or fake, a climax as soon as possible. So I laid hold of her wrist and dictated longer, lingering strokes of the intruding, probing finger.

Stella whimpered, eyes screwed shut, but after perhaps a score or thirty strokes wrenched free and rolled over on her side. Her hips jerked regularly. It was fascinating. No trace here of Celine's delicacy, the pampering, gentle, light touch. Risking it, I switched on a bedside light. Stella's rigid finger was pecking like the beak of a hungry, savage bird. Even as I watched, it hooked slightly so that she was plucking at herself – innumerable brief, snatching contacts with her clitoris.

She was rougher than I would dare or wish to be with her. She rolled onto her back, once more. Muscles jumped into relief, in her legs, as she raised her buttocks, weight on heels and shoulders. Two fingers now, scouring obsessively.

The unfocussed brown eyes blinked, and narrowed. Stella was looking at me as she worked. I could read her emotions – trapped and transported by her own attentions, they were transparent. Brazenness was there: the reckless urge some people feel after crossing a personal frontier of conduct, when they go even further.

While I watched, her expression changed: it held an edge of . . . yes, fear. I realised that cords stood out in her neck, that the strain of bending in a bow was making her tremble. But she couldn't stop. Carried away, literally, swooping up and down the switchbacks on the way to orgasm, she was frightened at the sheer slavery of her pleasure.

Then her backside hit the bed and a flush raced down from her face, turning her breasts rosy. Her hand, no longer cruel and demanding and frenzied, fumbled dreamily at the tangle of black hair. 'You bastard, you kinky bastard,' she mumbled.

Stella avoided me after that encounter, just as I had expected.

But we did meet some months later, at another neighbourhood party. Before witnesses, we made polite conversation: anything else would have been suspicious.

By one in the morning, most guests were drunk. I was sitting on the floor in an alcove, nursing the last half-bottle of decent wine. A few couples were dancing in the glow of a single, shaded lamp.

Glancing up, I realised that Stella was leaning against the wall, talking to somebody – it might have been her husband. I'm fairly sure it was.

I reached up and took her hand, squeezing it. She didn't look round, but the pressure was returned. The alcove was in shadow, and with her hand shielded by her body, Joe could not see what was happening. Stella was almost as ignorant as Joe – if it were him. She couldn't turn round to identify her admirer, for fear of giving the game away.

Deliberately, I folded the rest of her fingers against her palm, until the right forefinger was isolated. I ran my own finger and thumb the length of it, before popping it into my mouth, tracing the line of cuticle with my tongue, sucking gently, flicking the pad of her finger with the tip. I couldn't hear what Stella was saying, the music blanketed that, but her words faltered. Keeping her own imprisoned, I raised my free hand, and smoothed her finger along the mock-vagina created by two fingers held open a crack.

Her calf muscles flexed, a heel ground into the carpet. The man she was talking to, went away to fetch a drink. I dare say she asked him to fetch one. As soon as his back was turned, she spun round. I was still holding her hand.

'You bastard,' she gurgled, resuming our conversation where it had left off, previously. 'I've got to admit it . . . I've missed you.'

'No,' I said with perfect truth, 'you missed what you can do for yourself when I'm there to appreciate it.'

Stella leaned forward casually, rubbing her nipple against my shoulder. 'I don't care what it is. Just take me somewhere, tonight. *Now*. Nobody will notice.'

Naturally I did as she asked, and in the back seat of my car, the two of us managed to conquer Stella's itch, if only temporarily. Stella keeps saying that she doesn't know what she sees in me. And it *is* odd, the way human beings lead such contorted, artificial lives.

Stella is her own seductress, and when she uses that slender, varnish-tipped dildo, her excitement feeds on my excitement, I am the living mirror which she studies. A mirror, and a window which I opened, and Stella welcomed.

In a spirit of devilment the other afternoon, I suggested that she try the effect of her little cabaret on Joe. I am sure that she did, forgetting that he is a depressingly stuffy closed-minded fellow. My certainty is founded upon glimpsing Stella in the High Street, from my car this morning. She was wearing huge sunglasses, but the stain of a bruise spread beyond their shield.

Tastes differ, as Stella has learned for herself . . .

'Lot 34, a fine pair of duelling pistols.'

Death by stabbing with a wedge of cheese, hiccups or spontaneous combustion: some ways of bowing out have been utterly bizarre

BIZARRE WAYS TO BOW OUT

Humour by
William Bryson

Face it. One of these days it's going to happen. You'll be walking down the road when all of a sudden you'll get hit by a bus or contract lassa fever and the next thing you know you'll have joined the 75 billion other people who have lived and died since time began. Death is not all that remarkable – every minute around the world another 101 people quietly take their celestial leave – and when it comes it's usually in the form of some unimaginative malady like cancer, heart failure, a stroke or clogged arteries. When you add choking, drowning, car accidents, air crashes, snake bites and lesser diseases, you can account for almost everyone who dies.

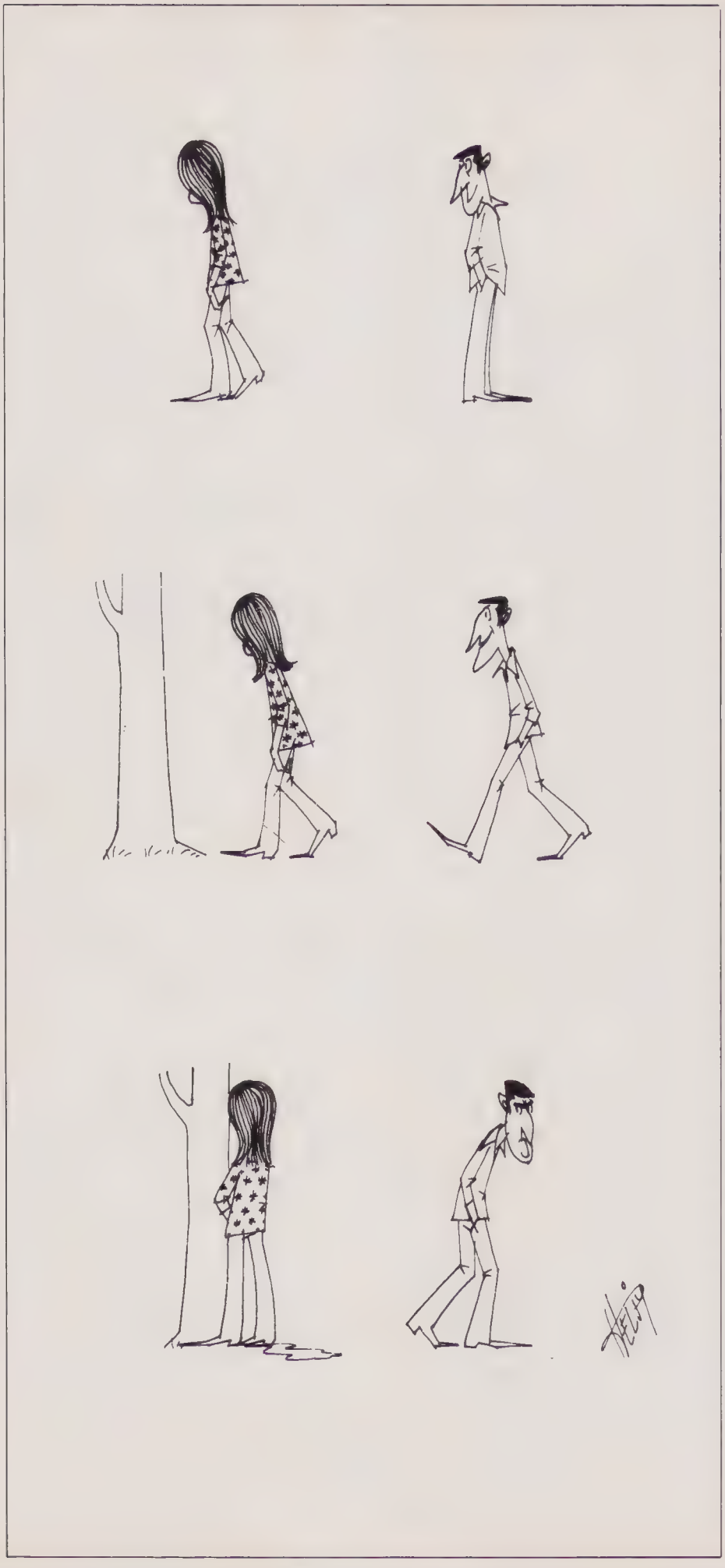
There is, however, a very small group of people whose deaths are so singular that they defy simple categorisation. These are the people for whom a cerebral occlusion is too mundane or getting run down by a bus too – if you will – pedestrian: the man who falls into the chocolate vat and is never seen again, the mechanic who is inhaled by a jet engine, the farm woman hanging out her washing who is conked on the head by a chunk of frozen offal jettisoned from a passing aeroplane. Rather blithely, these deaths are attributed to "Other Causes."

Then there are those for whom death comes in a conventional manner but is executed with such élan or utter haplessness as to be worthy of note. Here then are some of the leading members of this bizarre club. These people may not always have done much with their lives, but they signed out, every one of them, with a flourish.

In 1918 in Flanders, a Major Summerford was struck by lightning and invalided out of the army. Six years later, he was fishing in Vancouver when lightning struck him again, paralysing his right side. Within two years he had recovered sufficiently to be taking a walk through a city park when – you guessed it – he was struck down yet again. This time he was paralysed for good and, after lingering for two years, he died

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE WRIGHT

GENTS
The Odd-End Club
MEMBERS ONLY
JUST MARRIED
Joe Acton



of his injuries. There is a brief postscript: in 1934, during a storm, lightning shattered a tombstone at Vancouver cemetery. It was Major Summerford's.

In Bermuda in 1975 a man on a moped was run down and killed by a taxi. Exactly a year earlier, the same driver in the same taxi, carrying the same passenger, had run down and killed the moped rider's brother, on the same street, riding the same moped.

Last October the Ambala to Delhi express train in India killed nine people in nine separate incidents as they tried to cross the track. It didn't stop once.

In 1935 five glider pilots were flying over the Rhine valley in Germany when they were suddenly caught in the strong convectional updraughts of a towering storm cloud. Fearing their gliders would be shaken to pieces, all five baled out with parachutes. Almost instantly, they were shot several hundred feet up in the air. As the updraught faded, the men began to gently descend – until they were caught by another updraught. This was repeated over and over until at last the men floated to the earth in the form of human hailstones. One of the five men survived; the others are being commemorated here.

Allan Pinkerton, the founder of the US detective agency, stumbled during his morning walk, bit his tongue and died of gangrene.

Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, a descendant of the French emperor, died of injuries he sustained when he tripped over the lead of his wife's dog in Central Park, New York.

In 1971 Catalina Ledesma fed small cakes to her five children in rural Peru. Within an hour four of the children were dead. Local authorities said a strong insecticide had apparently got mixed in with the sugar used to make the cakes. The remaining sugar was destroyed. Five days later, when relatives gathered at the home to mourn, Mrs Ledesma served them a meal, which included more cakes. An hour later another seven people were dead, including Mrs Ledesma. Police discovered that the poisoned ingredient used to make the cakes was the flour, not the sugar.

In Bellaria, Italy, one man decided to end it all through self-immolation. But, after setting himself afire, he apparently had second thoughts. He died falling off a cliff trying to beat out the flames.

When Vera Czermak of Prague learned that her husband had been unfaithful to her, she jumped out of her third-storey window in despair. As luck would have it, her husband was that moment coming up the front walk and she landed on him. Mrs Czermak was merely injured; her husband joined the Club of Odd Endings.

On New Year's Day, 1963, in Sydney, the bodies of Dr Stanley Bogle, Australia's top research physicist, and his girl friend were found in a lovers' lane. Both were partially undressed, but covered in newspapers. Since then, the local police, the FBI and Interpol all have been unable to determine why the two were killed, who killed them or even how they were killed – the only case in modern annals in which all three of these

turn to page 112

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Bizarre Ways to Bow Out

continued from page 110

essential questions have gone unanswered.

Jack Mytton, a notorious nineteenth century eccentric, whose exploits were recounted some years ago in *Mayfair*, set his shirt on fire to banish a fit of hiccups. The endeavour killed him, but as he remarked just before going under, 'Well, the hiccup is gone, by God.'

At the opening of the Liverpool to Manchester railway in 1830, William Huskisson, an MP, became so excited that he stepped in front of Stephenson's 'Rocket' and rather swiftly became the first railway fatality. A statue of him, dressed incongruously in a Roman toga, stands today in Pimlico Gardens, London.

General Pablo Castiliano, a Nicaraguan rebel, was in his tent one night in 1907 plotting the next day's campaign when a massive meteorite suddenly – and with considerable finality – fell on him.

In 1968 Robert Rush, an American army sergeant was woken at six am by his wife, who screamed once and then died. At the inquest it was revealed that five years earlier the woman's sister had expired in a similar manner. She had climbed out of a local swimming pool with a look of terror on her face, screamed once and died. Autopsies on both women failed to explain their deaths.

Sometime during the late night of July 1, or the early morning of July 2, 1951, Mrs Mary Reeser, aged 67, of St Petersburg, Florida, erupted in flames and burned up in her bedroom. No one knows quite why. About all that remained of Mrs Reeser when she was found in the morning were a small pile of smouldering ash and one very shrunken skull. Experts estimated that it would have taken a fire of 3000 degrees to so thoroughly carbonise the woman, and yet the heat had been localised to the corner of the room where she had been sitting.

'Never have I seen a skull so shrunken, nor a body so completely consumed by heat,' said one of the investigators, Wilton Korgman, who added rather fatuously, 'This is contrary to normal experience.'

Mrs Reeser was not struck by lightning. Nor did she come in contact with flammable liquids or an electrical source. Beyond that, no one knows what happened.

An even more puzzling case of spontaneous human combustion came in 1938 at Chelmsford Shire Hall. Phyllis Newcombe, aged 22, was dancing with her fiancé when without discernible reason she suddenly – and irremediably – burst into flames. No reasonable explanation for this fatal outburst has ever been put forward.

Last summer in Bangkok, one pedestrian suffered the double indignity of first being run down by a car in a main road and then, while still dazed, being thrown down a well by the panicked driver. It was this latter action, a post mortem revealed, that killed the man. The driver was jailed for 50 years.

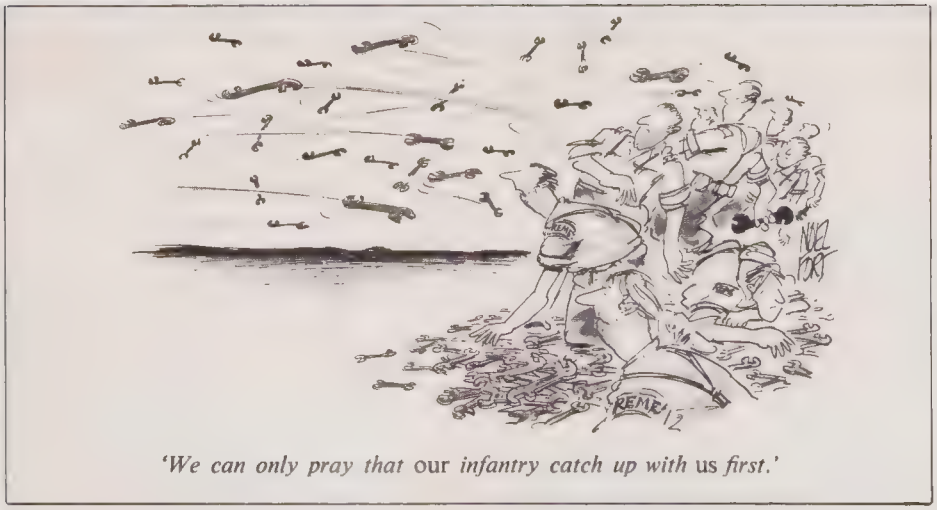
Thomas Otway, the seventeenth century dramatist, was starving when he begged a guinea. He bought a roll and choked to death on the first mouthful.

William G Hall of Shrewsbury killed himself by drilling into his skull eight times – *eight times* – with an electric power drill.

In September, 1880, Judge August Peck and a companion were driving to see their friend David Lang on his farm near Gallatin, Tennessee. As he pulled into the lane in his buggy, Peck spotted Lang crossing a field and was just about to call out to him when, to the judge's presumed amazement, Lang vanished before his eyes. Thinking Lang might have fallen into a crack in the earth, the two men and Lang's wife – who had also witnessed the disappearance – rushed to the spot where Lang had vanished. But they found no crack in the ground, nor any evidence that Lang had been in the vicinity. Mrs Lang, not surprisingly, became hysterical. Mr Lang was never seen again, though a year later faint cries for help could be heard around the spot. No farm animal would ever go near that patch of ground again.

Similarly, in 1889, a Mr Macmillan of the famous publishing family visited Mount Olympus while on holiday. He was seen waving from the summit and then he apparently – and quite suddenly – joined Mr Lang. Despite the most intensive searches he was never heard from again.

After winning her round on the television quiz show 'Temptation', Mrs Maude Walker, a 59-year-old housewife in Sydney,



'We can only pray that our *infantry catch up with* us *first.'*

surprised everyone in the audience by dying on camera of a heart attack.

Raymond R Foard, aged 28, returned home to his apartment building in Maryland one evening in 1977 to discover that he didn't have his key. He decided to enter his seventh-floor flat by scaling the outside of the building, balcony by balcony. When Foard reached the fifth floor, a woman sitting outside heard loud breathing and started to back away. When Foard's head appeared over her railing, she screamed, startling Foard, who lost his grip and plunged to his death.

Arnold Bennett, the novelist, died of typhoid caught from Paris water, which he had drunk in an effort to prove that the water there was perfectly safe.

In 1760, George II died on the toilet of heart failure brought on by chronic constipation.

Felix Fauré, the French president, suffered a fatal coronary in 1899 while putting to use a specially designed sex chair.

Gary Miller of St Joseph, Missouri, was asleep in his home in November, 1976, when fire broke out and killed him. Miller was a fireman. An uninstalled smoke detector was found in the rubble of Miller's home, still in its package. It was ringing.

On May 21, 1946, Louis Slotin, a nuclear physicist, was at work in his laboratory when his hand slipped and he allowed two masses of uranium to come too close together. The result was a blinding flash, during which time Slotin and his colleagues were bathed in radiation. It is important to understand that when a person receives even a massive dose of radiation nothing happens at first. The pain, when it eventually comes, is excruciating – but only eventually. With this clearly in mind, Slotin strode to a blackboard and immediately calculated the dosage that each man in the room had received. After a few moments he was able to announce that he alone had absorbed an amount that would prove fatal. With that he bade his colleagues farewell, went across town to a hospital and signed himself in. Nine days later he was dead.

In Greensburg, Pennsylvania, a preacher was just about to pronounce Robert Neiderhiser and Naomi Nicely man and wife when Mr Neiderhiser abruptly died.

In 1972, a cockfighting referee in the Philippines suffered the acute embarrassment of being fatally savaged by an excited bird during a match in Manila.

Last year in Pakistan, a cricket umpire was beaten to death with the stumps by the fielding side.

Woodrow W Creekmore was driving near his hometown of Chickasha, Oklahoma, in 1976 when a tie rod on his car broke, sending the vehicle into a telephone pole. Fortunately Creekmore wasn't hurt;

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unfortunately, as he was standing by the car discussing the accident with a policeman, the pole fell over, striking him on the head and killing him.

Another good news-bad news sort of death was that of Englishman John Stratton. Depressed over his separation from his wife, Stratton decided to commit suicide. He sealed all the doors and windows of his home, turned on his oven and waited for death to overtake him. But nothing happened. What Stratton had forgotten was that his home was supplied with North Sea gas, which isn't toxic. When he realised his mistake, Stratton apparently decided to think things over. So he lit a cigar – and blew himself up.

In December 1977, Argyrios Krios, a village butcher in Greece, was kicked and killed by the family cow as he tried to slaughter it for Christmas dinner.

Isadora Duncan, the dancer, died when her long scarf became entangled in the rear wheel of a car in which she was riding and her neck was broken.

While attacking a friend with a poker during a drunken rage, Count Eric M A H Sternbock, a writer and nobleman, lurched into his fireplace with fatal consequences.

When Carol Hargis of San Diego, California, grew peeved with her husband she put a massive dose of LSD in his breakfast. When this had little effect, she served him blackberry pie containing the venom sac of a tarantula, sabotaged his lorry with a rudimentary bomb, placed a live electric wire in his shower, injected air into his veins with a hypodermic needle and dropped tranquillisers into his beer. When none of these subtle approaches worked, she hit him over the head with a steel weight, which did the trick nicely. Mrs Hargis was sentenced to life in prison.

Pliny the Elder, the Roman historian, died while walking *towards* Mount Vesuvius during its famous eruption on Pompeii in AD 79 because he wanted to see what was going on.

While retreating from the Battle of Lewes in the thirteenth century, Fulk Fitzwarine IV, a baron, suffocated in his own armour when his horse became mired in a swamp.

Julius Skalky, a printer, was waiting for an underground train in New York in 1976 when he was approached from behind by a man who grabbed him round the neck, dragged him to the edge of the platform and pushed him to his death in front of an incoming train as a crowd of awed people looked on. The assailant was identified as Richard Pratt, aged 43. He had never met Skalky before. Pratt, it turned out, was a patient on leave from an upstate mental hospital – an arrangement that presumably has since been amended.

Also in upstate New York, in 1977, police shot and killed Vietnam War hero Harvey Aberle when he threatened them with a gun on a golf course. When he was killed Aberle was wearing a woman's wig, dress, bra, petticoat and bikini knickers.

Jack Biggers a famed eighteenth century glutton, consumed for his last meal a large salad, 12 dumplings, a gallon of beer, a loaf of bread and six pounds of bacon. He thereupon suffered a fatal attack of apoplexy.

Lionel Johnson the critic and poet, died in 1902 of injuries he suffered in a fall from a bar stool.

In January, Othello Federici, a prosperous Parisian grocer, was jailed for two years for stabbing his wife to death with a wedge of Parmesan cheese.

Sharon Payne was talking to her depressed friend David Falconirie in her Los Angeles home when the latter placed a gun to his head without warning and pulled the trigger. As Miss Payne sat open-mouthed the bullet passed through Falconirie's head, ricocheted off a water heater and struck her between the eyes killing her instantly.

In 1951 in Germany a carpenter was working on a roof when a freak six-foot-long spear of ice fell from the sky and neatly skewered him.

On March 4, 1966, a Canadian Pacific DC8 airliner crashed at Tokyo Airport, killing 64 people. Among the very fortunate survivors were a honeymooning couple who escaped injuries to the extent that they were able to continue their journey the next day aboard a BOAC 707. Just after take-off – and only 18 hours after the first crash – the second plane fell out of the sky, probably due to turbulence around Mount Fuji. This time 124 passengers and crew were killed, including the ill-fated honeymooners.

In 1976 William Killian, a Frontier Airlines employee in Denver, Colorado, was fatally shot by a duffle bag. The bag, it turned out, contained a revolver which had discharged as Killian was moving it. No charges were filed against the bag or its owner.

When bank clerk Jovo Lucic was jilted by his girlfriend in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, he decided the only thing to do was to kill himself. He stole a car in order to crash it into a tree, but it broke down. He stole another, but it was too slow and barely dented a fender. Police charged him with car theft. While being questioned, Lucic plunged a dagger into his chest, Quick action by the arresting officers saved his life. When he recovered he was sentenced to a year in jail. On the way to his cell, Lucic dived through a window to the road 25 feet below. A snowdrift broke his fall,

At last report, Lucic still had not made the Club of Odd Endings. But as the judge said in suspending his sentence, 'Surely fate still has something in store for him.'

Watch this space for further developments.

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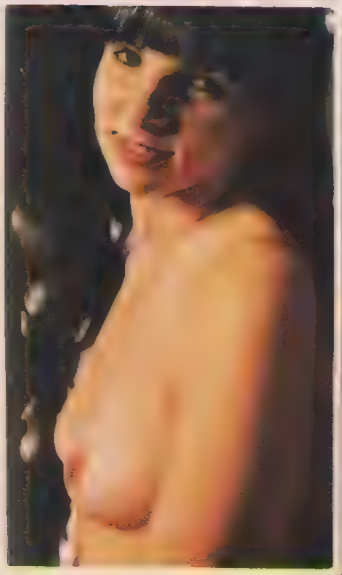
CILLA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JIM BUNKER

When a planeload of French rugby supporters on a flight home to Limoges began to sing naughty songs – even if they were mostly in French – and then began to remove their trousers, it was an awkward moment for 21-year-old Dan-Air stewardess Cilla Childs. 'All we could do was fill them full of black coffee,' she remembers, 'and try to ignore the bottom pinching. But none of us dared go down the end of the plane where the debagged passengers were!'

But trials of that kind proved rare during Cilla's sixteen months with the Comets and BAC 1–11's of the British-based airline. 'Mostly it was short haul work,' she says. 'I think the farthest we went was to Teneriffe and usually we'd be back the same day. It was hard work and not very glamorous.' Born on June 7, 1956, 35–25–36 inch Cilla attended a boarding school at Cobham Hall before moving on to work in a china shop at Westerham in Kent. After a lengthy visit to her sister in the United States, she went to Dan-Air. 'My ambition,' she says, 'is to move on to the long haul routes. My ideal would be a long stop-over in the Seychelles.'



Not only are the destinations more exotic, but the flights too can be a lot more interesting. 'I know stewardesses who've done the long routes and they say how much friendlier the passengers are when they know they're going to spend the next two or three days in the same plane. And romance can flourish too. Apparently total strangers find that they can become very friendly, though I've never heard of anyone going too far. I've no idea what I'd do if I came across a situation like that.' Back on the ground, Cilla's own romantic preferences are well-defined. 'A boyfriend has to be good-looking, capable, taller than me – I'm 5 feet 9 – and have a juvenile sense of humour, like mine. But really the only things that count are that he should look after me, and he must be able to mend my car. It's always going wrong!'

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With acknowledgements to DAN-AIR London.

Radio Luxembourg 208

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LETTERS

continued from page 21

could not pull together. There was no change in the seating until we reached our stop of Blackheath when there was a clear path to the door on the opposite side.

Up on street level the situation was the same – a queue for the bus, so my invitation into the bar of the Railway Hotel until it lessened was accepted. Passing mention was made of the crowded carriage but nothing further.

Eventually we arrived at the flat where everything went according to plan. The dishes were ready, and the Sherry; the wine – a Château Montrose – was as it should be. Coffee with a modicum of Southern Comfort made life seem quite perfect and the conversation was as innocent and unsuggestive as could be. But then came the snag. I cleared the table with Jean's help and then left her whilst I washed up. It was not very long after that that she said, with a copy of *Mayfair* in her hand, coming into the scullery: 'Why can't you do that later? Come into the lounge and let your dinner digest. God knows we need some relaxation.'

I tried to explain that I would like to escort her back to the station but nevertheless I saw her point (I had seen two others over the meal but was not letting on); hurriedly drying my hands and leaving the place ready to continue the washing-up later followed her.

Jean had dropped the magazine and now stood by the window and said: 'It is usual to show thanks for a meal like that. No one has ever done it for me like you have done. It was simply great. Just you come here!' which I did and was immediately crushed to her fulsome breasts while she pressed my hips into hers.

'Now you can enjoy the train journey all over again and without people watching,' she said. The slow gyrations of her hips became more provocative and pressing. This I was not going to stand for alone and accordingly raised the back of her skirt only to find the smallest and flimsiest panties in the way. Passing my hands in a similar plane to hers I was able to lever them off, momentarily disengaging myself from the frontal assault and as they dropped to the floor – oh so willingly – went up under her frock to find the upper works absolutely free and nipples hard. After that things went from good to better and after finally washing-up at about two in the morning she stayed the rest of the night. We had a bath and breakfast together. Leaving her at the office I arranged to meet her the following Tuesday as she was going into the country that weekend. But it was not to end there. Thursday evening I had brought some work from the office to do in peace and quiet when the phone rang. 'I tried to get you last night but you weren't there.' It was Pamela. 'Can we meet some time? I was sorry to miss the dinner on Monday. Jean said it was just marvellous. I know I would have enjoyed it too.' Such a pity a delightful girl should be disappointed. I suggested going up river for lunch but she declined. Eventually I was to meet her at Blackheath station at about eleven. She would then be able to get back about six – there was always Greenwich park if we felt over-active . . . We met at the station as planned. The prepared lunch was most happily delayed until after three, though we did not see the Park. We then went to bed – with another bottle of wine – until a bath and breakfast the next morning. Thereafter sometimes we went out as a *trois* to the theatre or dinner but those girls knew how to fix their dates until Jean went back to Canada some four months later and Pamela returned to South Africa.

(Name and address supplied but withheld on request)

Is there any nice young model who would like to marry me, to keep me out of trouble?

A L Broughton, Edinburgh

Sounds to us as if keeping such a randy lad as yourself out of trouble, any young model might lead herself *into trouble.*

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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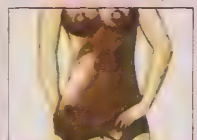

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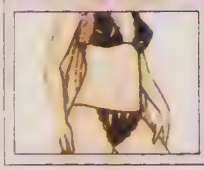

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A NEW BREAKTHROUGH

There has never been, until now, anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and the possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious when one thinks about it.

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood which in turn causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations.

THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Robert Chartham is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he received over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectured on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement – the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

"Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively: 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23year olds added up to 1¼" in length and ¾" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s added between ¾" to 1" in length and between ½" and ¾" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1½" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added ¾" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on ¾" in length and just over 1¼" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6½" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest."

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of ¾" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4¾" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5½". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations as massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by it's use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chartham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chartham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection and the great majority of users report that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is £15.00 including postage. All orders are dealt with by return post.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

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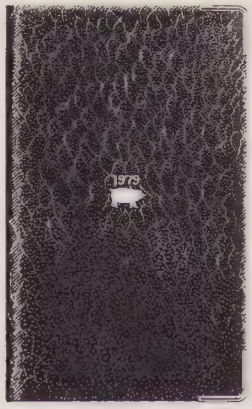

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Impotence-Doctors Report

In recent years statistics have shown an alarming increase in the number of men *of all ages* who admit to the depressing prospect that they are partially or totally impotent (in other words they are unable to obtain or maintain a full penile erection). In our present society loss of sexual capacity can and does strike men of all ages.

In the past there was little that could be done to relieve this frightening condition. Many sufferers in desperation were forced to resort to unorthodox *quack* cures which proved scientifically ineffective. However doctors now report that there is a simple and effective way for men to regain their potency, which has been subjected successfully to modern scientific tests (writes a Medical Correspondent).

Stress and strain

Many reasons have been put forward to explain the condition known as partial impotence. Stress, tension and modern pressures all undoubtedly have an effect on sexual performance. Too little exercise, too much alcohol, too many cigarettes – all contribute to lowering the overall efficiency of the body and so help impotence to gain a hold.

Once it does, many men try to put the idea to the back of their minds, or to pretend that it is 'normal' at their age. Ashamed of what their friends might say if they knew, too embarrassed to seek medical advice, they hope it is just a passing phase, something that will somehow, given time, right itself. But all too often a psychological block sets in, and rather than get better the condition gets worse.

Eventually the sufferer comes to convince himself that the inability to get an erection – or at best to get only a partial one – is something that has to be accepted and lived with. However the idea that any healthy man must put up with reduced sexual vigour and loss of erectile capacity is simply not true.

New findings

Recent medical investigations have shown that an aid called the Blakoe Energising Ring can restore full capacity and greatly increase rigidity of erection in men with impotence problems.

The Ring is worn around the penis and scrotum and by generating a minute electrical current produces an energising effect on the sexual organ, improving blood flow through the genitals and enhancing erectile capacity.

Reports in medical journals

Results of medical investigations into the Blakoe Energising Ring have already led to publication of reports in medical journals testifying to its efficiency under medically observed conditions.

A report in "Medical Digest" by a General Practitioner describes the successful treatment of patients with the Blakoe Energising Ring with very encouraging results. Consider the three examples which he quotes.

One patient was a fit and active 60-year old who found that after wearing the Blakoe Energising Ring for only three weeks his erections had become 40 to 50 per cent more rigid and his frequency of intercourse had increased from 3 to 4 per month to 8 per month. There was also a definite increase in muscle tone and penile dimensions.

Enthusiastic wife

A second patient, himself a doctor, complained that he could no longer get a really firm and first class erection of the sort he had been used to. Injections of male hormones had been no help, but within three weeks of using the Blakoe Energising Ring he reported erections as good as ever they had been in his youth. His wife testified to this most enthusiastically. He also noticed an improved feeling of well-being, increased physical stamina and that the physical dimensions of the penis were greater and its tone was improved.

In ten days

A third patient – a man of 59 – found his penis would never become more than semi-stiff, despite the definite sexual attraction of his wife. With the correct sized Blakoe Energising Ring he noticed a distinct difference within ten days.

Erections became as good as they had ever been in his most active youth, and after two months use he had forgotten he ever suffered from impotence.

A specialist's report

Writing in the British Journal of Psychiatry and the medical publication "On Call", a specialist with a particular interest in sexual difficulties reported trials of the Blakoe Energising Ring in thirty men suffering from impotence. Many of them had undergone previous treatment – including hormones – without benefit.

These patients with an average age of 35 took part in specially designed controlled clinical trials. Assessment of the result was made using a sexual rating scale (usually used for drugs). At the end of the trials the doctor declared that the Blakoe Energising Ring had a statistically significant effect in overcoming impotence. In lay terms this means that the device could be considered a medically acceptable treatment for impotence.

Robert Chartham: Impressive results

Dr. Robert Chartham, PhD., the world-renowned expert on sexual problems, tested the Blakoe Energising Ring on a number of particularly difficult cases of impotence which he was treating. In his report he states: 'In my view the energising properties are remarkable, and I would have no hesitation in recommending the Blakoe Ring to young and middle-aged men. For elderly men, it is a boon. Nowadays I would not dream of having a day in London, or undertaking an unusually heavy physical task without wearing mine'.

Five of the men he treated reported that within three weeks they could obtain and hold a firm erection during intercourse while wearing the Ring, and soon after they could achieve the same firmness without the assistance of the Ring.

Dr. Chartham also maintained that the electrical effect was an important aspect of the Energiser.

In addition to these Doctors' reports, readers will find the following testimonials interesting, thousands of which have been received during the 45 years that the Blakoe Energising Ring has been available.

. . . I must say the energising ring is fantastic. I find it comfortable to wear, and it really does work . . . I must give full marks to the 'energiser' it makes one ready at a moment's notice . . . *From a Physician M.B., Ch.B.*

. . . Three weeks ago I received an energiser . . . I am absolutely thrilled at the effects produced by it in so short a time, both in respect of my Urinary system, general well-being and of erection, which, from being almost non-existent is now firm and strong, with intercourse resumed after many months of enforced abstinence . . . *Mr. V. Scotland*

I have been wearing the Energiser . . . also noticed a decided benefit and improvement. I have just celebrated my 70th birthday and regret that I did not know of this discovery 20 years ago . . . *Mr. C Italy*

. . . I purchased 3 weeks ago a Blakoe Energising Ring and I just had to write this letter of appreciation to you to express my thanks for such a marvellous appliance. I wear it always and I do not know I have it on due to the comfort, but I certainly know I have it on for the results it gives . . . *Mr. B. Manchester*

. . . As far as I am concerned the results have been extraordinary. For nearly two years I had been, with highly qualified medical advice, taking various drugs, injections, etc. in an attempt to cure my near impotence. The effect, if any, was not to me noticeable. In some desperation I ordered your ring and the results were immediate, to my great astonishment and pleasure. *Mr. W. Wilts.*

. . . I was very impressed in the energising ring, I have had one for 2 years and have found it really marvellous, in fact it is everything your claims say it is . . . *Mr. D. Ches.*

. . . I purchased one of your energising rings about two weeks ago with I may say, sir, fantastic results. It's like a new world to me now as I have been impotent nearly twenty years and had almost given up hope . . . I will surely recommend it to anyone in the same position. *Mr. D. Southend.*

The Blakoe Energising Ring is made from lightweight hygienic material containing galvanic inserts which give it electrical energy. No batteries are required. The Blakoe Energising Ring comes in a range of sizes. Please make sure of receiving the correct size by measuring yourself as follows: Take a piece of string and pass it behind the testicles and underneath the neck of the testicle bag. Draw the two ends of the string together above the penis and close to the abdominal wall so that the string encircles both the penis and the neck of the testicle bag. Pull the string comfortably tight, mark the length and carefully measure. If there is uncertainty about the measurement, send the lowest obtained – in the event of an incorrect fitting Ring being supplied we will always make an exchange – no man can ever end up with an incorrectly fitting Ring.

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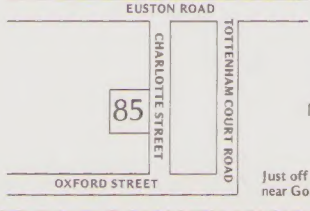

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